BEBE DANIELS EDITED THIS ISSUE

Movie Weekly

TEN CENTS

JUNE 23
1923

"I'm in Love at Last!"
Confesses
Barbara LA MARR

What I Found in Hollywood
BY
Wm J. BURNS

BEBE DANIELS

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

No. 20 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. III
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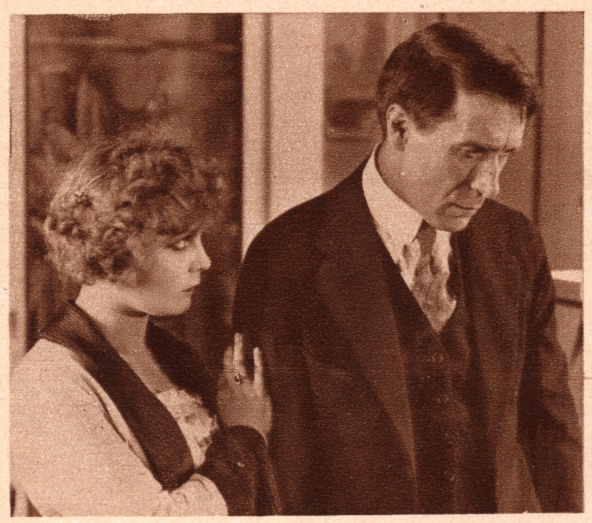

Why BILL HART Was Falsely Accused

Coming

The Truth

When a woman accuses a man of wrong-doing, it is the world's verdict that she speaks the truth and that he is guilty.

Occasionally, however, the world errs in its judgment and a wrong is done, a great wrong, that nothing on earth can ever right.

It was so with Big Bill Hart, screen star and 100% man, when he was falsely accused by Elizabeth MacCaulley that he was the father of a child she had borrowed for her deception.

And now the world knows the truth and Big Bill is vindicated. But the inside story of the strange accusation will be published in next week's Movie Weekly and we promise our readers a revelation of rare human interest. It will tell the truth about Big Bill Hart as the fans will want to know it.

Don't Miss It.

And What's More

There will be fourteen smashing stories on plays and players of fascinating interest to the fan.

Next Thursday!

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Bebe Daniels forsakes camera for editorial chair

Popular young star visits office of Movie Weekly and *gets out an issue* in record time—Tells how she did it

"It was lots of fun editing Movie Weekly, Fans, but I think I like acting better."
BEBE DANIELS.

THE TIME: *The other day.*
THE PLACE: *The office of Movie Weekly.*
THE GIRL: *Bebe Daniels.*
THE JOB: *Editing of Movie Weekly.*

And here's how she did it . . . but let her tell you in her own words.

HOW DO you do, everybody? Will you be patient with me while I sharpen a pencil and try to tell you how it feels to be an editor for a day? Mr. Balch, the regular editor, tells me that this is to be an editorial by me, but I never wrote an editorial before in my life. But I'll do my best.

When it was proposed that I edit Movie Weekly for a day, I hesitated because I knew from other special issues of the magazine, which were edited by screen stars, that there naturally would be a good deal of myself in it.

I said to Mother: "How on earth can I do such a thing when it is all about myself? People will think me horribly conceited."

But the persuasive powers of clever Reggie Cannon, who writes for Movie Weekly, and eloquent Mr. Balch, were so great that I simply couldn't refuse; so here I am. Now, if you're disappointed or displeased with this issue, you mustn't blame me, for I did it under protest.

Where shall I begin? Oh, yes! I took off my hat and coat. This made it seem just like going to work in an office, instead of a studio, where I have lived practically since I was eight years old, and I think I know now how several million other girls feel on about six mornings a week.

Then, I commenced reading copy and selecting photographs, while several flashlights exploded and some pictures were taken of me in my new role as editor. And what do you think? The desk at which I worked, and which you can see in picture above, is the same desk used by the late Theodore Roosevelt when he was associate editor of Metropolitan.

The inspiration of that fact makes me want to say something about the thing we both love—the motion pictures—and by this I mean the better pictures of the future; for the time is not far distant, I believe, when the average screen play will be just as good entertainment as the average stage play. I'd like to be an active part of the new order, when that time does come, and instead of playing just the young girl character in which, perhaps, some of you have seen me, I shall play roles that are more serious and important. So, you see, *I* have things that I want to do, and just being a screen star doesn't answer all of the desires and ambitions in a girl's heart.

And now, in closing, I want to say just a word to all those who aspire to the screen. If you do, I don't blame you, for I did myself. All I can say is—good luck! My heart goes out to you whoever and wherever you are. If the opportunity presents itself of your entering screen work, remember, it's an uphill grade. Don't be discouraged at disappointments. Just keep in mind that success is the result of earnest effort, and here's hoping your ambitions will be realized.

Bebe Daniels

Now we don't know how you feel about it but that strikes us as a pretty good editorial and we have come to the conclusion that Miss Daniels is just as good in front of a desk as she is in front of a camera.

"I want to say just a word to those who aspire to the screen," declared *Miss Daniels*. "And this is—good luck

***Bebe Daniels* edits *Movie Weekly* in consultation with *David A. Balch*, who holds down the job at almost all other times.**

I. was a joy to work with her. We say this even though it kept us hopping while she was here. She has the most definite, clear-cut idea of what she wants and never wavers from it one iota.

FOR instance, when she was writing the captions that appear in boxes on each page we suggested that in order to expedite matters and lesson her labors, she simply jot down in rough outline what she wanted to say and we would re-write it later. Did she consent? She did not.

She didn't say "Who's doing this," but her manner as she set about writing them was fairly eloquent of it, and we subsided helplessly. She was a little lady, we concluded, who was bent upon having her own way, and nothing that we could say would stop her. So we stepped aside and gave her *carte blanche*. It was well we did, for she would have taken it, anyway.

And we guess this is why she is Bebe Daniels. Back in the old days when she was a child playing child parts in pictures she must have decided one day that she was going to become a screen star. Having worked with her, we can readily realize how, once she had made the decision, nothing on earth could stop her. She was going to have her own way, and that's all there was to it.

In this, then, is revealed, we think, the true keynote of Bebe Daniels character, an invincible will-to-achieve that has made her what she is today and that will carry her, as time passes, to still greater heights. And if you don't mind our saying so, we think that herein lies a lessen for all of us—a lesson so spendidly demonstrated by this dark-eyed, red-lipped girl and one by which we all might profit.

MISS DANIELS," we said, as she put on her wraps and told us goodbye. "We don't know whether after this experience we shall like you better in your future pictures or not. We're awfully afraid we're going to feel sorry for the cameraman's arm."

And that is the impression she leaves with you—a shy sweet sensitive girl with the energy and the will power of a Liberty motor. That's Bebe Daniels! *Editor.*

Wm. J. Burns, head of the Bureau of Investigation for the Department of Justice, who recently investigated *Hollywood.*

What I Found

Famous detective and director of *Bureau of Investigation for the Department of Justice* grants exclusive interview to representative of Movie Weekly and tells what he discovered in West Coast film mecca

By T. Howard Kelly

WILLIAM J. BURNS, famous dean of American detectives and Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Federal Department of Justice in this report of his Hollywood investigation, given exclusively to Movie Weekly, emphatically denies that the film capital is a second Sodom and Gomorrah. Mr. Burns, just back from a detailed survey of Hollywod and environs, feels that the picture city and its inhabitants are grossly slandered by the highly colored stories of immorality, wild parties and vice which have so recently been broadcasted about the movie center.

The great sleuth and crime expert is one of the very few persons qualified to sift the true Hollywood to the bottom and return an unchallengeable verdict upon his findings. No other man in America has solved more mysteries, and apprehended more law-breakers than Burns. No one has conducted more investigations than he. Consequently, what he has to say about Hollywood can be taken as officially authentic, although in this specific case Mr. Burns did not go West solely to investigate the dope or vice allegations which have smirched the city's name in the past few months.

Movie Weekly, pledged to champion the cause of picturedom whenever it is morally possible for a conscientious magazine to defend the institutions for which it stands, has been impatiently waiting to publish the news of Mr. Burns' investigation. Knowing full well how the enemies of the films capitalize every possible opportunity to damn the industry and the people in it, we feel that his report provides the strongest kind of ammunition with which to fight our antagonists. When they rail at Hollywood and call it a den of iniquity where men and women, drunk with fame, success, and luxury snap their fingers at all of the conventions which right-minded people respect, fans and movie folks can refute such charges by quoting Mr. Burns.

There is no need of going over the alleged vices of Hollywood. They have become bywords ever since the few unfortunate affairs that involved picture stars. The Arbuckle case, the Taylor murder mystery, poor Wally Reid's untimely death from dope and the several prominent divorce suits in movieland have all been publicized too many times already. And every time they were discussed, these cases only served to crystallize the sensational idea that the city was a place of moral corruption.

genius of Will Hays is, he thinks, responsible for the clean and progressive situation which he found out there.

The Federal director characterizes as an out-and-out lie the rumors and statements which lately have been spreading the idea that in Hollywood obscene and immoral pictures are being produced for exhibition under secret auspices

Home of *Pola Negri* in *Hollywood,* a typical West Coast residence of the better sort.

William J. Burns says that he couldn't find a cabaret in the town. If the premier detective couldn't find a white-light resort in Hollywood, it simply doesn't exist. But let him tell you what he did find.

HOLLYWOOD a city of sin? Well, it was almost unbelievable after cutting the stories in half which I have heard retailed about the film center so many times. I found a community of beautiful homes with a wholesome residential atmosphere about it not to be surpassed in any other town. I found it to be a city throbbing and pulsing with energetic ambition to produce worth while results in its own particular field. I found Hollywood to be inhabited by many fine people who are in no way connected with the film industry, people who have made their homes there, and are rearing their children because it is a beautiful, attractive residential community."

"But, Mr. Burns, is not this one of the strongest proofs of the town's decency?" I interrupted.

"You have hit the nail right on the head," answered Burns. "If Hollywood were what it is supposed to be do you think that respectable people outside of the film industry would rear their families in that town? They would not!" he said, answering his own question with a flash of vehemence.

Mr. Burns went on to tell me that he inspected every studio out there, and that he was not fooled by any superficial appearances which could have been effected for his visit. In every studio he said there were ample proofs to indicate that the industry is fundamentally on the right track to achieve its threefold objectives. The guiding not open to the general public.

"I am a movie fan myself," admitted Mr. Burns as we sat on the spacious veranda of his country place, Shadowbrook, overlooking the Hudson, "and I might have been tempted if necessary to be a trifle lenient in my judgment of Hollywood, even if I had found some basis for the things which have been circulated against it. But there was absolutely no necessity for me to stretch my sympathies or call my sentiments into play. Hollywood as I found it is morally sound and healthy."

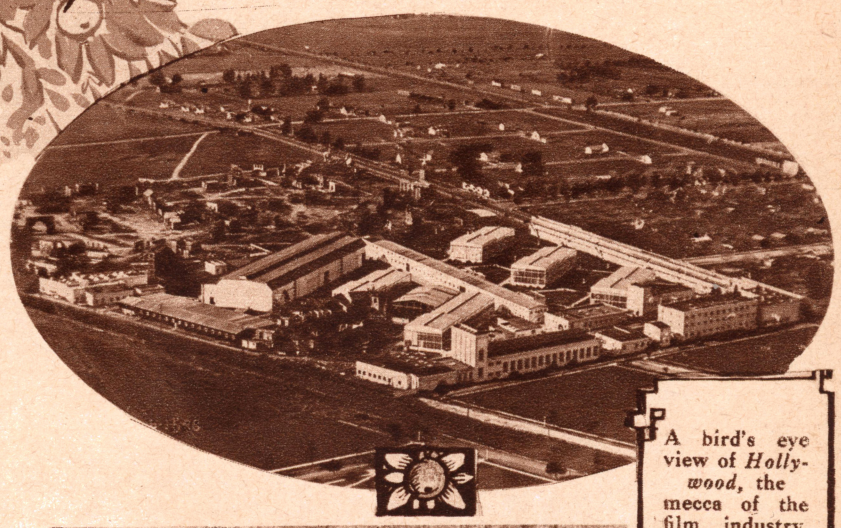
The printed statements which recently declared the dope situation was so bad in the film capital as to demand an immediate Federal inquiry into the situation, Mr. Burns declared, were without a foundation of fact. The Department of Justice never did have any reason to believe that the narcotic vice held Hollywood in thrall. Simply because a famous actor fell a victim to the lonely and destructive vice, this entire country immediately began to look upon Hollywood as a place where men and women were all drug addicts.

ALTHOUGH the government official admits that the dope habit is a menace to this nation now, he is confident that Hollywood is as free of the drug sin as any other community. When I asked him what was the underlying reason for the alarming increase of dope addicts in America, Mr. Burns said that the demand could be traced to the activities of dope peddlers.

in HOLLYWOOD

By William J. BURNS

"I feel that the entire industry is indebted to Mr. Burns for enlightening the public about Hollywood. Certainly no one is in a better position to speak authoritatively than he." BEBE DANIELS.



A bird's eye view of *Hollywood*, the mecca of the film industry.

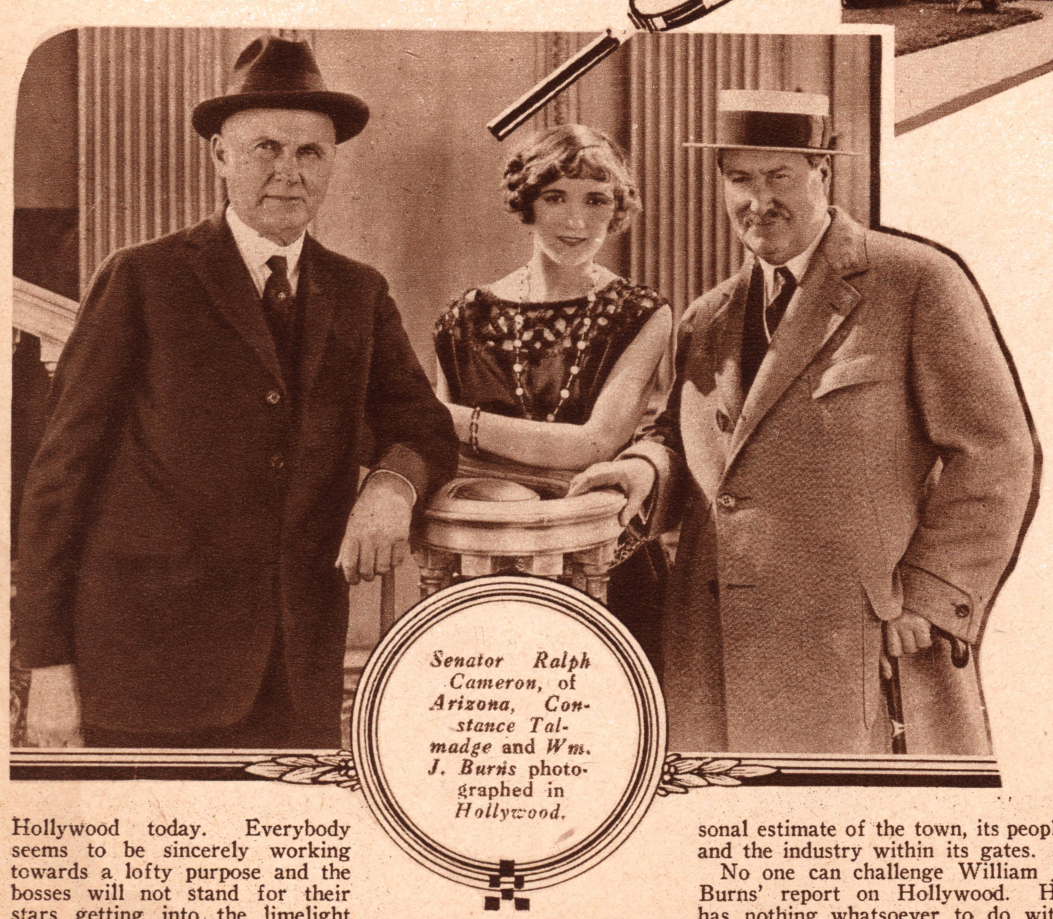
"They get big prices for their poison. Their game is to secure more business all the time. So they sell the habit to new victims. It is a sinister profession which we may well enough describe as the worst type of bootlegging. A dope peddler can carry his stock very conveniently and in such a manner that it is often extremely difficult to detect or discover a supply on his person," he explained.

Motion picture studios in Hollywood are being operated by the same business standards as are in vogue with all big business of the century. There is no attempt made by persons employing women as actresses to use their position or influence in achieving personal desires. Mr. Burns thinks the powers that be in movieland have come to the sound and sane realization that they must safeguard their monetary investments in every possible way and for this reason have become exceedingly strict regarding their efforts to conduct all negotiations upon a strictly business basis. In the old days little attention was paid to circumstances under which girls and women sometimes secured parts in pictures, and on the stage.

"I can easily remember when movie producers and magnates chuckled in glee over the publicity obtained by their stars in scandals. A higher and finer sense of values pervades the industry in Hollywood today. Everybody seems to be sincerely working towards a lofty purpose and the bosses will not stand for their stars getting into the limelight of scandal," he declared.

For some time past, Movie Weekly has repeatedly denied the stories purporting to make Hollywood out as the "falling Rome" of America. Our denials have all been based upon information which conscientiously convinced us that the film capital is not the sinful place it is said to be. But, we have also realized that anything printed in favor of Hollywood by a motion picture magazine would be received by the public as prejudiced or partisan judgment. For this very reason I made a special effort to secure Mr. Burns' personal estimate of the town, its people and the industry within its gates.

Betty's and *Hattie's* Tea Room in *Hollywood* where the screen stars dine.



Senator Ralph Cameron, of *Arizona*, *Constance Talmadge* and *Wm. J. Burns* photographed in *Hollywood*.

No one can challenge William J. Burns' report on Hollywood. He has nothing whatsoever to do with the films . . . not a whit more than you or any other everyday fan. But, he has got a great deal to do with watching out for evidence of law-breaking and immorality in this country. If he had found the center of the motion picture industry a cesspool of iniquity, as a New York clergyman once described Hollywood, Mr. Burns would have launched governmental thunderbolts against the town instead of returning East to praise it.

Even if Mr. Burns had found only a small percentage of the movie colony using drugs . . . staging wild and objectionable parties . . . drinking liquor and generally guilty of disorderly conduct, he would have had to recognize these things and directed the agents of his department to clean up the place.

MR. BURNS' visit to Hollywood was not a fly-by-night affair. He personally "did" the town. Not a studio escaped his eye . . . not a restaurant or a residence.

"Transplant the physical make-up of Hollywood to a spot on Long Island or any place else, leave the acres of glass-topped studios out of the picture, and you will have a typical community of well-to-do Americans, living and enjoying themselves in good taste. It is only because moving picture people are in the limelight that they are talked about so much," said Mr. Burns.

I told Mr. Burns that our readers and the entire motion picture industry would receive his version of Hollywood with open arms. "You know, Mr. Burns," I went on, "every now and then someone jumps up and tries to tell the world that the movies are sending us all to hell——"

"What?" exploded the famous Sherlock Holmes of real life. "Why that's absurdity! Who said——"

"Dr. John Roach Straton of New York was the last one to call the movies a hell-bent force," I cut in.

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Perfect Bedlam— in the MOVIES

"These were a few of the pictures that the censors didn't taboo."—BEBE DANIELS.

You can always tell when the lady in the movies is rich—the rich ones have *chaises longues*. Here is *Gloria Swanson* playing a rich one.

If we got our beauty sleep in as appropriate a setting as *Leatrice Joy's*, perhaps we could be beautiful too.

Judging by *Anna Q. Nilsson's* troubled expression, her cup of woe is a lot fuller than her cup of coffee on the tray.

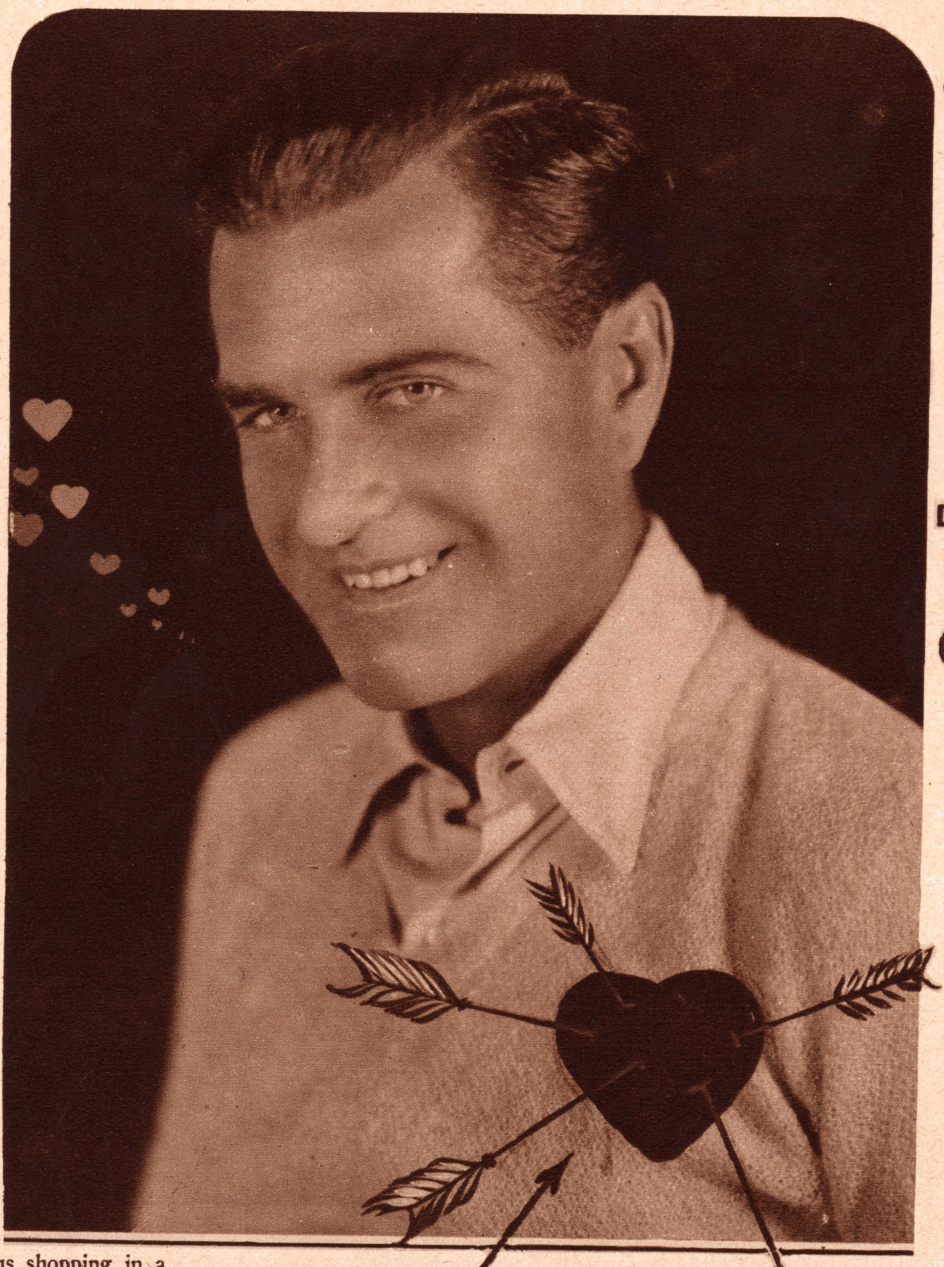
Here's a perfect bed for *Agnes Ayres*—a couple of Oriental rugs thrown about, at a thousand dollars a throw.

If this wife in *"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"* gets roused so early by the phone, we hope, at least, they've got her number.

Is There Such A Thing As A One Man-Girl? "NO!" says BERT LYTELL

Popular screen star is interviewed by Movie Weekly representative and quizzed about constancy of his own sex—*Thinks men are gay deceivers*

By Gladys Hall



"Men and women of nearly the same age should not marry," declared *Bert Lytell*, "because women age more quickly than men."

"Everyone in Hollywood likes Bert because he is just as likeable off the screen as on."
BEBE DANIELS.

NOT LONG ago the Editor said to us, "We recently ran an article about Madge Kennedy called 'Why I Am a One-Man Girl' . . ." then he paused suggestively.

"Well," we said, "do you mean to imply that you want us to find out whether there lives a one-girl *man?*"

"Precisely," came the disconcerting answer.

"We'll ask Bert Lytell," we said. "He's fresh from Hollywood and if there's such a thing as a one-girl *movie actor* in existence, the world is saved!"

(We might as well tell you right now, to avoid suspense, that the world is *not* saved!)

The last time we talked with Bert was some three or four years ago in the old Claridge Hotel, now given less social way to mundane office buildings. After our talk, we recalled that Bert took us shopping in a taxi, which commended him to us as a scholar and still more as a gentleman.

Bert was on time for our luncheon appointment, looking bronzed and healthy and fit, and full of enthusiasm about his forthcoming role in his next picture, "The Eternal City," which same is to be directed by Fitzmaurice in the city of Rome. Barbara La Marr and Lionel Barrymore are also to be among those cast.

After Bert had ordered orangeade and orange salad and Lucky Strike cigarettes for himself and a rather more substantial diet for us, we sprung our leading question. We said:

"Do you believe that a man can stay in love with one woman all of his life?"

"Yes," he said, "I have."

"Oh, come, now," we urged pleasantly, "we are in earnest, you know."

"But I have!" he persisted, while we waited, fork in air. "My mother."

"You will have your little joke," we said, still pleasantly, "but we don't mean that kind of love. We refer to the—ah—romantic species."

"That's a poser," sighed poor Bert, "and a terrible question for one poor man to have to answer. Think of all the trouble it will mean for me the next time I tell a fair gal that she is my 'one and only.'

"Still, if I must, I must.

NO, THEN, I do not. Not in this day and age. Not in the particular circle in which I move. It moves too swiftly. *We* move too swiftly. We meet too many people under too many exciting circumstances. We have forgotten how to be content as we were content, or pretended to be, in the past generations.

"Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as there are to all rules.

"In the first place, men and women of nearly the same age should not marry. Women age more quickly than men do, not only, or not so much in point of appearance, perhaps, as in their interests, their desires, their pleasures. I believe a man should be five or ten years older than the woman he marries!"

(Loud cries from my sisters-in-sorrow.)

THEN THERE'S the matter of companionship. If a love affair or a marriage is based upon physical attraction, and most very young affairs of the heart are, it is bound to wane, leaving nothing whatever but desolation behind it. If it is based upon companionship, if both the man and the woman are clever enough and gifted enough and fair-minded enough, it has the one chance in ten thousand.

"Unfortunately, the solid virtues seldom seem to go hand in hand with the qualities of attraction. A woman who is a home-maker and a mother, who keeps the old socks darned and the kettle burning and is only mildly annoyed if you spill ashes on the rug, is apt to neglect her figure and her hair and sink into middle age with nothing more than a complacent sigh. The chances are that her life-mate is not ready to sink into the same state. He still has a 'hunger' and a 'thirst' after unrighteousness. He can't find it at home in a middle-aged, comfortable wife. He isn't ready to abandon it. The first girl who comes along with flighty ankles and a fresh face, is apt to cause the domestic shipwreck.

"In a measure, the same holds true of the steady business man. If he is substantial and commutes

(*Continued on page* 30)

Girls who come to me to get in the Movies

"Girls, I know how hard it is to get in the movies, but don't despair. I've been working in pictures since I was eight years old and its been only the last three years that I've really accomplished anything."
BEBE DANIELS.

Eleanor Boardman, whose unusual beauty found a place for her in the movies.

Mabel Bardine, casting director for well known agency, *relates her difficulties* in selecting people for screen productions

By Charles E. Dexter

EVERY so often some so-called "movie producer" is exposed in his favorite trick of putting girls in the movies. For a few days scandal rages in the newspapers and then the story is forgotten. And girls keep on paying out their hard-earned money to swindlers again, and the stage is set for another exposure and another scandal.

Yet girls *do* get into the movies. There *is* a legitimate path open to those who know how to find it. Its door is the door of the legitimate motion picture agency. Its atmosphere is that of a business office, and its methods are those of any other business.

"The only mystery about the movies," said *Miss Bardine*, "has been put there by swindlers who play on the ambitions of innocent young girls."

On Broadway, for instance, at the present time is the office of Mabel Bardine and Harry Wentworth, whose business it is to find jobs for men and women in motion pictures. There, at any hour of the day, these men and women may be seen waiting for notification of jobs, discussing their abilities, their salaries.

Miss Bardine is an agent of long standing. She is associated with Mr. Wentworth, who was formerly casting director for Norma Talmadge, and more recently an independent agent.

What are the workings of the legitimate motion picture agency? How does Miss Bardine find jobs for the jobless? How does she put girls into the movies?

"Every motion picture agency," she explained, "has a stock in trade. Its stock consists of players, men and women. Many of these are players of note. Others are beginners. The agency operates through the good will of the players themselves. They present themselves at the agency and give a complete record of their experience, their ability, and their personal appearance.

"This information is filed on cards and is the stock of the agency. In addition, players are requested to submit photographs, showing themselves with and without make-up, in character and out.

"No agency, however, can operate without connections with the producers. But as soon as an agent has a sufficiently large number of players listed, the directors and producers naturally come to it in search of types, and there the actual business of putting people in pictures begins. The director receives his contract. It calls for the production of a western melodrama, let us say.

"First of all, he wants a heroine. She is described in the script as a dark-haired girl, breezy, athletic—since she must do a fight scene—and about five feet four inches. The director also needs, for his principal roles, a western hero, a man who can ride, swim, fight, take a few difficult jumps, who is good-looking, sympathetic in type, and about five feet ten or eleven.

"He needs also a villain, in this case a stern, hard-looking man, older than the hero, suited for the sheriff type of the old west. He needs, too, a villainess, Mexican type, dark, flashing eyes, colorful, capable of expressing emotions by a twist of her shoulders, or a turn of her lips. He also wants an Indian squaw, a fat man, a thin man, a bartender.

"The director writes out his requirements on a slip of paper and visits the agency. Many players seem to believe that their chances improve by haunting the agencies, that if they happen to be on hand, they will be hired. But the real agent, the agent who knows his business, knows as well that there usually is only one good type for a part. Certain players may fit all the requirements, save one, and that one may cause their rejection. Whom would you suggest for the Mexican girl?

LILA LEE, for instance? Miss Lee is under contract to Famous Players, but even if she were free, she wouldn't do. She is too sympathetic. She could play a Mexican girl perfectly, but could she give the required twist of the shoulders, could she make you hate her? No. So we turn through the cards. We try Jane Thomas, a good actress, but not robust enough. We try Faire Binney: too petite and cute. We try Grace Davison, but she is too distinguished. We try Rosemary Theby, and find her too forceful. Then we think again, and we recall that Miss Theby has played widely different parts, that she is an excellent character actress, that she has possibilities.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Bebe Daniels INTERVIEW FIRST TO GIVE OVER RADIO

Charming screen star journeys to Newark and *talks to legion of admirers over the air*—Is a little nervous about it

By David A. Balch

"Fans, I tried to get Mr. Balch to 'double' for me, but his voice was entirely too heavy; so please forgive me if I seemed a bit nervous."
BEBE DANIELS.

Miss Daniels and Mr. Balch talking over the radio in the W. O. R. Studio in Newark, N. J.

WHEN Miss Koewing, who is the manager of the W. O. R. Radio Station in Newark, interviewed us and requested that we talk over the radio with some beautiful and famous screen star, we said, "Good!"

Later, however, when we stood side by side with Bebe Daniels in the W. O. R. Studio, confronted by a circular device that resembled an old-time gas-jet heater, our mental observation was "Not so good!"

For, to tell the truth, we were as nervous as an old cat. But we guess that, at that, we didn't have much on Miss Daniels, who is part of a profession where silence is golden and whose voice, therefore, is not often heard in public.

"I feel," she told us in a low tone, as we both marched into the studio, where many people were gathered, "just as though I were going to the electric chair."

"*We* feel," we answered, "as though we were just being led away from it." And we weren't joking, either.

It was the official opening of the W. O. R. Studios in Newark, and the fact that we went to Jersey to see them and talk in them is eloquent enough of how great we regarded the privilege. There were present any number of folks, all in evening dress, so that such entertainers as Miss Daniels and ourself were conspicuous exceptions to the sartorial rule. We needed all the freedom, however, that regular clothes allow.

"But what are we going to talk about?" Miss Daniels demanded, as we faced one another in an anteroom and awaited our call to the microphone. ....

"Ourselves, of course," we answered with a lame attempt at lightness. But the dubious look on Miss Daniels' pretty face sent our heart still lower into our boots.

"WELL," she said, "I hope we get away with it."

"Just be natural," we assured her, "and say whatever comes into your head."

Hardly had we finished when the door opened and Miss Koewing, the fair manager, appeared and told us that it was our time to "go on." We took a deep breath, and we noticed that Miss Daniels was breathing, too.

And so, together—step, step, step—we entered the studio and together—step, step, step—we approached the microphone.

"Is this going to be a bed-time story?" asked *Bebe Daniels*, while a million radio fans held their breaths and listened.

"Are you ready?" Miss Koewing whispered with a sweet smile.

We swallowed and nodded, while she gave a signal that somehow reminded us of a signal we had once seen given at an early hour in the death house at Sing Sing prison. Miss Daniels' simile had been perfect.

"This evening," began Miss Koewing, and then she went on to tell all the listening radio fans from Newark to New South Wales just what a treat was in store for them, while we and Miss Daniels stood by and just waited.

But we didn't have long to wait, for when Miss Koewing finished, we coughed and—but we must now turn the remainder of this article over to our stenographer, who knows more about it than we do.

Mr. Balch: How do you do, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: How do you do, Mr. Balch?

Mr. Balch: Er—are you—*nervous*, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels (laughing nervously): Oh!—a little bit.

Mr. Balch: Well, then, we'll step on it and get the agony over quickly. We don't want to keep anybody up—out where they go to bed at nine o'clock.

Miss Daniels: Is this going to be a bed-time story?

Mr. Balch: Well, not if *I* can help it. Since the Legislature up in Albany almost passed that Clean Books Bill, every editor shies like a balky horse at the very mention of the word bed. I'm no exception to the rule.

Miss Daniels: What will the interview be about, then?

Mr. Balch: We'll talk about *you*, Miss Daniels, if you don't mind—and what woman would?

Miss Daniels: Now, see here! If you are going to ridicule my sex, I shan't say another word.

Mr. Balch: There! Forgive me. I spoke parenthetically.

Miss Daniels: Parenthetically! *Isn't* that a *lovely word!*

Mr. Balch: Well, now, if you're going to kid me . . .

Miss Daniels (laughing): I won't; I promise.

Mr. Balch: Well, then, let's go. Is this the first time you've ever talked over the radio, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Well, not exactly. I've talked over the radio, but I've never been *interviewed* over the radio before.

Mr. Balch: I see. Well—er—let's hope we get away with it, then. Oh, ah, as Miss Koewing, the good-looking announcer, just said—I am from Movie Weekly and I have a stenographer with me who is taking down everything we say. So be careful! The stenographer is taking it down so that it will appear in Movie Weekly. Er—

(*Continued on page* 30)

Bebe Daniels as her friends know her

"I tried to make some changes in this, but the author said she'd never speak to me again if I did. Don't believe a word of it."
BEBE DANIELS.

Bebe Daniels with her mother and her grandmother before her home in *Hollywood.*

A close up view of the charming young screen star *who is second to none in popularity* with the motion picture public

By Regina Cannon

DIDN'T somebody write a poem once that starts:

"Breathes there a fan
with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This 'inside stuff' just must be read?"

It is barely possible that we haven't got it quite right, but you know what we mean, don't you?

And further, here is an opportunity to get some "inside information" about Bebe Daniels, which that little lady wouldn't give out for publication if she had anything to say about it. But, as our first duty is to our fellow fan, we are going to run the risk of losing a highly valued friendship in order to tell the world what her friends really think of Bebe Daniels. The question is where to begin.

"At the beginning," you'd probably advise—with our First Impressions of Bebe. They're always important, are First Impressions. Well, here goes!

We first met Bebe at a luncheon. We sat opposite her and didn't eat a thing. Need we say more? For when we forget to eat, except when we're paying the check—well, count it a special occasion or somethin'.

Of course we had *expected* Bebe Daniels to be beautiful, but we hadn't bargained for such breath-taking loveliness—for Bebe is the possessor of luxurious black hair, an ivory white complexion, and wide, glorious, thoughtful eyes that register depths of feeling.

Please do *not* think we have a flair for pictorial adjectives when we describe Bebe thusly, for we have seen many professional beauties and are not easily taken in by physical charms. Besides, we're sadly lacking in imagination.

We wanted to hear Bebe's voice. Often the charm of the most radiant creature vanishes before a harsh or strident voice. We tempted disillusionment and asked Bebe if she missed California.

"Not so much the place, as the people," she replied in well modulated tones. "Most of my friends are there, you know, and I'm fortunate in having a good many of them."

"Why not?" was what we thought, and since, we've deduced that to know Bebe Daniels is to love her. She will always have friends, for she herself fairly radiates confidence, sympathy, loyalty. She is generous—to a fault, almost. Half of what Bebe has belongs to her friend, and if a thing can't be divided equally, she sees that the friend doesn't get the worst of it. She spends a good part of her time doing things for others—and never talks about it. We wouldn't ever know this from Bebe, but those same "others" who have reaped the benefits of her help, have told us.

"Half of what *Bebe* has," says *Miss Cannon*, "belongs to her friends."

We visited Bebe at the studio one day and watched her work. She had been on the set almost continuously since 8:30 that morning, and when we arrived she was busily engaged in doing her utmost to co-operate with a somewhat harassed director and a weary group of players. There was a little tired look in her eyes, but a smile played about her lips and not a note of protest could be detected in the soft voice as she said gayly:

"I think I'll join *two* Unions—I'm going to work sixteen hours." (Incidentally, Bebe is the wittiest girl we've ever met.)

The cameraman stood near us. We spoke to him of Bebe.

"She is one of the finest," he said of her enthusiastically, "there's a girl who doesn't know that the word 'temperament' exists."

THE DIRECTOR came over. "Miss Daniels is a splendid actress," he commented. "The future holds bright prospects for her. She will do great things, and she will not be out when Opportunity knocks at the door, you can count on that."

When the scene had been shot, Bebe entertained the other players by imitating well-known Broadway favorites, and in each case her audience was able to guess immediately whom she was portraying, her impersonations were so clever.

A few weeks later Bebe fell ill with appendicitis and went voluntarily to a hospital. From the elevator, which was to take her to the room where she would be put under the sickening fumes of ether, she waved a cheery good-bye to her mother, calling, "I'll see you later." And her first words on regaining consciousness were, "Don't worry, mother. I'll be all right."

(*Continued on page* 28)

"I never knew what Love was before" says Barbara La Marr

Popular *screen vampire*, who recently married Jack Dougherty, tells how she finally *succumbed to sublime passion* after several matrimonial failures

By Alma M. Talley

"I NEVER knew what love was before." That, if you please, from the liquid lips of Barbara La Marr! The same Barbara who has been the reason, on the screen, Why Men Go Wrong; whose eyes have rolled miles and miles across the celluloid. The same Barbara—yet not the same!

For on the screen she is exotic, mysterious—almost too mysterious to be quite human. Her real personality, on the contrary, is straightforward, sincere, and she is easier to get acquainted with than any other screen star we have ever met.

As we sat beside her on a settee in the Palm Room at the Ritz, she told us all about her romance just as if she had known us all her life. She looked very lovely in a black and white silk knitted frock, and her face sparkled with animation as she talked on her favorite subject—her new husband, Jack Dougherty.

"I never knew what love was before," Miss La Marr said fervently.

As she has been married several times before and is considered an expert in affairs of the heart, naturally we were a bit startled.

"I never imagined anyone could be as wonderful as Jack," she went on. "We have known each other for two years and certainly have had plenty of time to decide whether our love was the real thing. He is so considerate but you can bet he's boss in the family. What he says goes, I can tell you! And I wouldn't have it any other way. I love to have him boss me around."

Rather a new role for an actress who usually plays the adventuress?

"I have been seeing so many people and trying to do so much during this week I am in New York that Jack has been worried to death. I've gone to bed in tears for the last three nights, just from nervous exhaustion—and I'm not the weepy sort at all."

"I should say you're not," agreed Mrs. Clarence Badger, the director's wife, who sat beside us.

"Jack has been perfectly frantic," Miss La Marr said, "it's wonderful to have someone taking care of you like that."

"I think Barbara's health is a lot more important than all these engagements even if they are for business," put in Mr. Dougherty, appearing on the scene—a big, likable, red-headed Irishman who certainly looks as if he would be boss in his own family. As you probably know, he also plays on the screen.

"Well," we pursued Miss La Marr, "how can you be sure this love is the real thing any more than the others? Probably, "we added, daringly, "you thought the same thing when you were married before."

"It wasn't the same," she insisted, "I was younger then and less sure of my own feelings. And I think before, it was more sympathy than love. Sympathy can often be mistaken for love, you know. It was so with my first marriage. And my first husband was a great deal older than I; he's fifty years old!"

"Then probably you don't believe in marriages between persons of greatly different ages," we queried, "or do you?"

"I think Miss La Marr is richly deserving of the happiness that may come to her. And she has my best wishes for it."
BEBE DANIELS.

Barbara La Marr and her husband *Jack Doughterty*, who will spend their honeymoon in *Italy*.

"Sympathy can often be mistaken for love," said *Miss La Marr*. "It was so with my first marriage."

"No, I don't," replied Barbara. "I think a marriage like that has much less chance of being successful. I think Jack and I are quite suited to each other in age, though some people might think there was not enough difference between us. Jack is twenty-six and I'm twenty-five; I think that's about right. We have the same tastes in almost everything; we like to do the same things, we both love children—you should see my baby Ivan. He's the most adorable baby you ever saw."

"He's not with you?" we asked.

"No, I wish he were. I cried for three nights after I left him. And last night I saw a play in which a little baby died and it scared me so I wired right out to the baby's nurse in California and told her to send me a big long telegram telling me everything about the baby, how he is and so on."

We studied her for a moment, trying to decide whether she sparkled more when talking about her husband or her baby.

"HOW old is he?" we inquired, referring of course to the baby.

"Eight months. I ran across him in Texas. You know I had a baby several years ago and lost him, and Ivan takes his place. He has the most wonderful disposition in the world. He's teething now and he doesn't even cry. He just has an expression of pained surprise when it hurts that is simply adorable."

We gathered our things together, preparing reluctantly to go.

"You're going to Rome now to film 'The Eternal City,' aren't you?" we asked.

"Yes, we're making that our honeymoon trip as well. I'll be the only woman in 'The Eternal City' and I don't mind admitting that I'm simply scared to death. It's much the biggest thing I've ever done in my life and I'm being featured in a cast that includes Lionel Barrymore! And there's also Bert Lytell, and Mon-

(*Continued on page 29*)

A SCREEN STAR at Last—A WEEK!

The fifth smashing instalment of *Harold Lloyd's* own autobiography, "My Life in the Movies," in which the well known movie comedian tells how he began his career in the films

Written in *collaboration* with *Lawrence Langdon*

Harold Lloyd and his oldest sweetheart—his grandmother.

His life up to the present:

Harold Lloyd was born in Burchard, a small town in Nebraska. His parents were hard-working, but very poor. As a youngster, Harold sold newspapers and popcorn to help out the family. The little business was broken up when the family moved to Omaha. Harold often played actor, using the household furniture for props. While watching a window demonstration one day, the future great comedian met John Lane O'Connor, a well-known stock actor, to whom he confided his plans and ambitions. Through Mr. O'Connor, Harold received his first glimpse back stage. This visit resulted in Harold eventually getting a chance with Mr. O'Connor's company. When Harold was fourteen, a relative bequeathed $3,000 to his father, who decided to move again. Harold suggests they toss a coin—heads to California—tails to New York. Heads it is, so they go to San Diego. Harold does some work with the Morosco Stock Company, helps John Lane O'Connor with his dramatic school and gets a job as a movie extra at $3.00 per day. This lasts but a few days and he spends weeks trying to get another job. Finally he makes up like an actor and walks past the gatekeeper of the Universal studio. Once inside he gets a part as an extra. He meets Hal Roach, who is also an extra.

THE MOVIES were very young in those days, and I honestly believe that every one of the extras who was fired with the slightest ambition realized that he must keep before him at all times the future. The present at three dollars a day did not matter. Extras stuck together. They were clannish. They knew that in union there was strength. And so Hal Roach and myself became the best of friends and we helped each other upward on the ladder.

Moreover we, like all the other extras, were fans. Both of us happened to admire J. Warren Kerrigan, who in "The Covered Wagon" has reached the top-notch of popularity. We wanted to play in the same company with Kerrigan and we set forth to manoeuver ourselves into a position where we would be able to ask for a job with him. Roach eventually met a man who knew Kerrigan. He expressed our desire to get into the Western actor's company and he greased the way for us. We were both engaged, remaining with Universal, for whom Kerrigan worked.

Our first picture with Kerrigan was not a Western. It was a crook melodrama and we both played underworld parts. Up to that time Roach looked upon me as a movie-mad boy, I believe, but an incident which occurred in the production of that film changed his opinion. He had a piece of business which he was unable to put over in a way to satisfy the director. I was called upon to show what I could do with the bit. I did it satisfactorily, and I noticed that from that day Roach showed more regard for my ability as an actor. He was not envious. On the contrary, our friendship grew even warmer, and when, at the conclusion of the picture, our salaries were raised to $5 a day, I felt that I was honestly going up the ladder of success.

BUT SUCCESS has a way of slipping out of the grasp of the easily discouraged and the unwilling. For several months I was satisfied with my salary of $5 a day. I naturally looked forward to $7.50 as the next step, then perhaps $10, and eventually a star salary, for a star I was determined to be. Imagine, then, my disappointment when I was informed that on the next picture I worked, I would only be paid $3 a day.

"Nothing doing," I told the casting director.

"It's the best we can offer you," he replied. "The work only calls for that salary. Think it over and come back tomorrow."

But thinking over a reduction in salary did not appeal to me. I saw no reason for taking a step backward, nor of permanently joining the extras who just manage to eke out an existence about the studios. Although I needed the money, I refused the job, and on the morrow I found that Universal

This was the sort of comedy that made the name of *Harold Lloyd* famous the world over.

at FIVE DOLLARS

In those days *Harold* wore shoes almost as large as *Charlie Chaplin's*.

TO HAROLD LLOYD

Do you remember, Harold, when I bet you that movie comedians would some day get $150 a week, and you said: "Bebe, you're crazy!"

Fans, who wins?—BEBE DANIELS.

"You know, my uncle died last year. He lived in the East and knew me when I was a youngster. I had forgotten all about him, but this morning I found a letter waiting me from his lawyers. He left me a thousand dollars, they say. And listen here, Harold, I'm going to take that thousand and make a million out of it!"

"How?" I asked him.

"I don't know yet, but I'm going to use my thinking-cap these next few days. When we wind up here, let's have a conference."

We "conferred" that day in a one-arm lunch room.

"Here's my idea," he said. "I think there is a good field for kid comedies. Everyone loves children, and no one is making pictures about children. I'm going to stake part of my capital on such a picture."

I told him the idea looked good to me.

"When I get things started, I'll let you know, Harold," he assured me.

This he did. As soon as his troupe was assembled, he came after me and engaged me at $5 a day to work in it.

But again, success was *not* around the corner. Roach, at that time, was not the finished director which he is today. He had to make mistakes in order to learn, and his mistakes were costly. Fortunately he did not spend all his money on his first picture, so he was able to continue making pictures, but he did discover that the market was not yet ripe for kid comedies. He turned to the obvious thing in comedies, the policy which so many comedy companies had adopted that year, the imitation of Charles Chaplin. Chaplin was then in the first flush of his popularity. The world was astonished at the laughter he was able to cause by his funny antics. Hal discovered another English comedian, and because he was an Englishman and a comedian, Hal was of the opinion that he would make as big a success as Chaplin.

But Hal did not know then that the same formula does not always give the same result in motion pictures.

Hal's English comedy star was an original type in his own way, although that way was not far from Chaplin's. He made four pictures with this "star," and I played character roles in all four. The pictures sold, although they made little money for Hal, and he was encouraged to go on.

My part in Hal's rise had been small. I, apparently, was merely basking in the good fortune of another. Hal was, curiously enough, realizing his dream. My dream was still vague; its realization was yet to come. But I was alert to opportunities, and at last my opportunity came.

You may wonder how a character actor, for such I was, can be converted into a comedian. In those days, I was firmly convinced that I was destined to play character roles always, and I looked upon my engagement with Roach, at the munificent salary of $5 a day, as merely a stop-gap. Actually it was to be the means by which I was to rise to stardom.

MY OPPORTUNITY came in the fourth picture made by Hal's Englishman. My work in his pictures theretofore had been that of portraying odd character types. I had to make myself up in all sorts of queer disguises, and I was supposed to get laughs more by my appearance than by any acting. In this last picture, however, I was called upon to do a gag. I went at it in a whole-souled fashion, and when it was screened, it got the biggest laugh in the picture. That little bit of acting served to shift the scales in my favor. Hal laughed at my gag. His laughter gave him something to think about. He thought earnestly, and his decision was made in favor of me. The Englishman was released. I was retained.

And I was to be starred! Starred! Starred at last!

My salary?

Five dollars a week!

Before I give you a word picture of those good old days, of the first star picture in which I appeared, let me tell you something of the conditions under which we worked.

We naturally had to have a studio. But we could not afford to pay for one. So we did the next best thing. We made a studio for ourselves. It was just an old building on Court Street hill

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***Harold* and *Bebe Daniels*, when the latter was but fourteen years old, and the famous comedian's leading woman.**

had no more need of me at present. Other extras could easily be obtained at the $3 figure. The casting director told me, for the first time since I had managed to get within the gates, that there was "Nothing doing today, sonny!"

But I was not discouraged. I now had friends in the studios. I talked with Roach, heard him tell of his ambition, to become a director, and to head his own company. We exchanged ideas about the future. I told him I wanted to become a character actor. Had a stranger listened to our conversation, he would have thought we were mere idle dreamers; one a $3 a day extra talking about owning his own company; the other, an over-egotistic youth palavering about being a character actor. But our conversation reflected our spirit. We intended to make good.

FOR A TIME I drifted away from Roach. I played small parts with obscure companies, barely making enough to live upon. One day I found myself again with Roach, in a company which was making a series of stories based on "The Wizard of Oz." I was happy to be again with my friend.

One morning, just before the Oz picture was finished, Roach greeted me with a broad smile.

"Why the sunshine?" I asked him.

"The WHITE ROSE" A Power

"From the way this critic knocks these pictures, I know they must be good."
BEBE DANIELS.

Ruth Clifford and *Gaston Glass* in a pathetic scene from *"Daughters of the Rich."*

"THE WHITE ROSE"
D. W. Griffith's Newest Film

In the year's gallery of photoplays, D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose" is the work of a master director. Once again, Griffith has tried an innovation. He has not entirely succeeded. His film, as shown in New York, is a trifle too long. But it may still be cut, and when it is speeded up, it should find its legitimate place as one of his splendid works.

"The White Rose" combines novelty with an old style of Griffith's, that of the period following "Intolerance" and ended by "Way Down East." In those years, Griffith made a number of delightful pictures, marked by no especial grandeur, no big mob scenes, no battles, no stupendous sets. The best of those smaller productions was "Broken Blossoms." "The White Rose" hardly reaches the artistic heights of "Broken Blossoms." Its central theme is not new; in fact, it is more or less an elaboration of that part of "Way Down East" in which Anna Moore wanders about the face of the earth with the red brand on her breast.

Sylvia Breamer and *Rosemary Theby* stage a battle of wills in *"The Girl of the Golden West."*

But Griffith has given life to an old situation, and has created living characters and compelling dramatic situations. He has created a young preacher, fired with zeal, eager to give his message of faith, love, hope and charity to the world. The youth meets a girl. He succumbs to temptation and deserts her, believing that she is unworthy of his full love. Left to give birth to her baby, the girl is cast out upon the world and would have been crushed if he had not found her in time.

Such is the bare frame of the story. But Griffith placed it against the soft southern background of the Evangeline country of Louisiana. He built up each of the few characters in it until they approach a semblance of reality. His sole fault has been a tendency to too much incident. But when you consider that Griffith has dared present phases of life which are usually totally ignored upon the screen, you cannot avoid acknowledging once again that he is the peerless American director, the only one who has the courage to present a photoplay totally deviating from all the commonly accepted ideas of what constitutes a popular film.

He has given the screen a slice of life, unpleasantly true. He has shown young men and women, not filled with the spurious idealism of the screen, but earthy, all too earthy. He has shown a heroine who errs because of human frailty, and a hero, who, although he tries to live up to the Word he is preaching, yet cannot defy the devil within him. Hokum, you may call his story, but he has made it pretty true.

"The White Rose" presents Mae Marsh once again under the direction of Griffith. Miss Marsh returns to the screen after an absence of several years fortified by mature ability, capable of playing even better than that delectable Mae Marsh of "The Birth of a Nation." "The White Rose" is a triumph for Miss Marsh.

The film also gives Ivor Novello his first American screen role. This young Englishman, actor, warrior and song-writer, is known for his handsomeness. Here he acts a difficult role with restraint and feeling. Mr. Novello will undoubtedly be one of the screen's most popular actors. He has a definite appeal as well as much ability.

The third most important part is in the hands of Carol Dempster. Miss Dempster has another part not much different from that of "One Exciting Night."

Neil Hamilton plays several scenes with adequate feeling. Lucille La Verne, the Mother Frochard of "Orphans of the Storm," is cast as a negress. Together with Porter Strong, she plays numerous negro comedy scenes which give the necessary humorous relief to the film. Others in the cast are Jane Thomas, Kate Bruce, the oldest member of the Griffith company in point of service; Erville Alderson, Herbert Sutch, Joseph Burke, Mary Foy and Charlie Mack.

Much of the photography is very beautiful.

"The White Rose" is not for children. But it will undoubtedly appeal to mature minds, and reflects credit upon Mr. Griffith.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH"
An Exotic Film Spectacle

The 400 may be a small and select group, but the 400 nonetheless is as much aristocracy as these sufficiently United States possesses. And any film which attempts to bare the inner workings of the 400 is bound to be popular.

"Daughters of the Rich" is not only going to be popular because it is a smart film about smart people, but because it is a decidedly entertaining

ful Drama of Human Passion

Harold Goodwin and *Roy Stewart* in a stirring scene from *"Burning Words."*

D. W. Griffith's latest picture well up to standard—*"Daughters of the Rich," "The Girl of the Golden West"* and *"Burning Words"* among other pictures reviewed :: :: *By Lewis F. Levenson*

picture. The society folk in "Daughters of the Rich" talk—via the sub-titles—as society people ought to talk in novels and on the screen. They move about in hotels, villas, and ball and bedrooms which are not only splendid, but smartly and tastefully splendid. And they act not exactly like the puppets of the average society movie, but rather more like the more or less human beings they presumably are.

From the fan point of view, "Daughters of the Rich" has everything: humor, drama, occasional pathos, big sets, enough daring scenes to make you watch the screen closely, and the requisite amount of love interest. The bathroom episode of the movies of 1920 comes back strong. The bachelor dinner scene arrives with a new twist. The villain is engagingly villainous and always gentlemanly, and although he eventually gets a bullet where he deserves it, he also sends one into the anatomy of the hero.

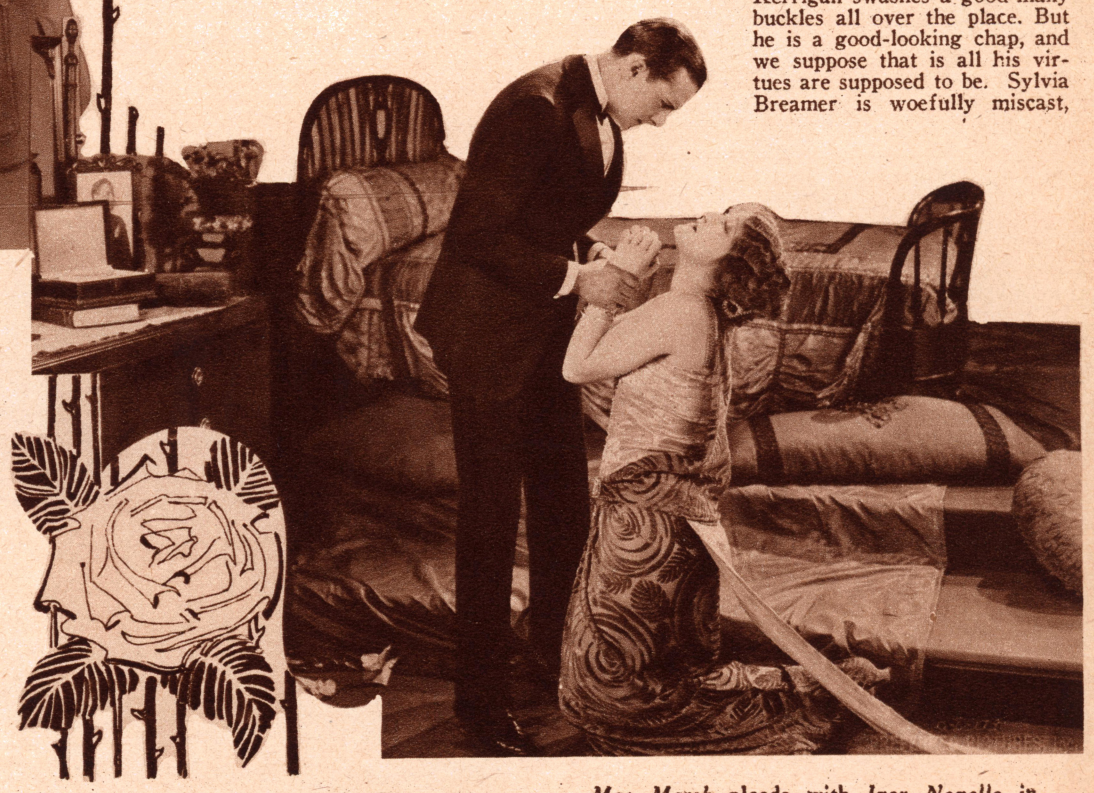
This picture was adapted from the novel of Edgar Saltus. It is the story of two girls, both daughters of the rich, who fall in love with the same man. The mother of one marries her off to a Russian Grand Duke. Most of the scenes take place in Paris, a Paris of the old-fashioned French novels, where duels take place in the early dawn and where every man has his lady of the camellias.

Acting honors go to Stuart Holmes, who makes the Grand Duke a picture of noble manners and vicious tendencies without ever losing sight of his slight ridiculousness. Stuart Holmes wearing bangs is a delight for the fans. Gaston Glass is quite in tune as the equally gentlemanly hero. Miriam Cooper, as the heroine, has not nearly as much to do as Ruth Clifford, the other girl in the case. Miss Clifford acquits herself well in a part which might have led her to over-acting, something she successfully avoids. The vamp, a French type in this instance, is played by Ethel Shannon with many excellent touches.

Gasnier has directed this production at a commendably even pace and has created many beautiful tableaux throughout its seven reels.

"Daughters of the Rich" will be entertaining even on a hot summer day.

It is a good screen adaptation of an interesting story.



Mae Marsh pleads with *Ivor Novello* in *"The White Rose."*

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

In the Style of 1912

Possibly some movie fans will like "The Girl of the Golden West." Undoubtedly many playgoers liked the old melodrama by that name in which Blanche Bates played the leading role over ten years ago. But the play was staged by Belasco and the movie was directed by Edwin Carewe. Therein lies the difference. And it is a big one.

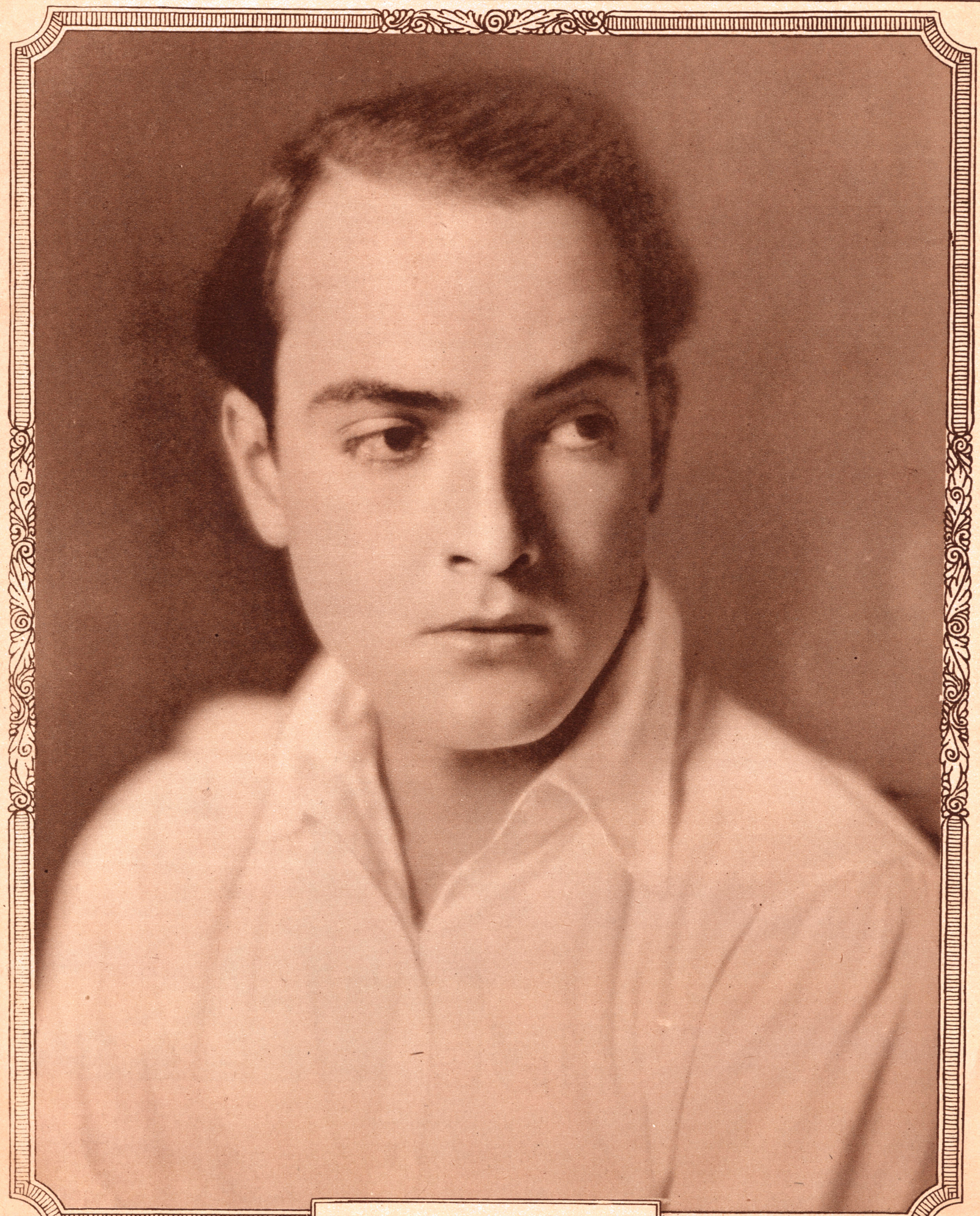
"The Girl of the Golden West" is rank melodrama, so rank that it is at times amusing. Possessing no other than the J. Warren Kerrigan of "The Covered Wagon" as its hero, it is a tale of the days of '49; but "The Covered Wagon" gave the impression of life, of palpitating, human ambitions. "The Girl of the Golden West" cries aloud its artificiality. Its place is on the dusty shelves of plays dead and gone. Its situations as recreated on the screen are nothing but puppet manoeuverings. Its titles . . . The heroine is The Girl. The hero is The Man. They go out into the purple dawn and watch the sun come up, calling each other "My husband," and "My wife." Shades of Laura Jean Libbey, Bertha M. Clay and the editor of Farm and Fireside in 1888!

Possibly, we say possibly, when we would like to say probably, many a fan will find a thrill in the scene where the hero is supposedly lynched and The Girl sobs her heart out. But when the hero is resurrected a moment later for the sake of a creaking happy ending, many a fan will turn from the screen to his or her neighbor and say:

"How do the movies get that way?"

Although "The Girl of the Golden West" has many minor characters, the principal roles are four. The Man, played by Kerrigan, is done in swashbuckling style. In fact, Kerrigan swashes a good many buckles all over the place. But he is a good-looking chap, and we suppose that is all his virtues are supposed to be. Sylvia Breamer is woefully miscast, as The Girl. Miss Breamer is the polite young post-flapper of 1923. She would have lasted about eighteen and three-quarter seconds in a mining camp of '49. The scenes in which she fights with another woman are amusing. The other woman is none other than good old Rosemary Theby who weighs in about thirty pounds heavier than Miss

(*Continued on page* 30)



GEORGE O'HARA
appearing in
"Fighting Blood"

NORMA TALMADGE
starring in
"Ashes of Vengeance"

Bebe DANIELS' Face Shows Her to be at War with Herself says DE SOLA

"I have never met Prof. de Sola and I think it quite remarkable that he should have interpreted my screen ambitions so accurately."
BEBE DANIELS.

Character expert analizes screen star's features and reveals that she is shy but impulsive, happy but sad

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Bebe Daniels

CHARACTER READING: *This face shows a tendency to brood, and to run the emotional gamut. Highly intense are the eyes and brows, although these are balanced by the indications of a humor almost Oriental in character. There is pride present, remarkable sex appeal, and an impulsive quality which swings the character from a slightly self-conscious shyness into an almost reckless aggression.*

"Miss Daniels' face," says *Prof. de Sola*, "indicates that the emotions very largely control her nature."

THE RANGE of parts played by Bebe Daniels in motion pictures seems to me the obvious declaration of her versatility—a versatility which is repeated in her features. And it seems to me also that if her character, as I read it, be true, she is an actress of unique gifts, not lightly to be classified as a comedienne or a tragedienne or any such tag, but with a peculiar field all her own. At war with itself is the personality which that face reveals; and it is the clash of traits, the contradictions of what we are and what we think we are, of what we believe and how we act, which makes up for each of us the intangible thing called personality. Particularly is this true of Miss Daniels, whose face declares many interesting opposites which must perplex her intimates.

I HAVE before me, as I write this analysis, two different photographs of her. In one of these the head is lifted with pride; the angles of the cheeks, the "expression" of the nostrils and the lips indicate this trait very clearly. In the second photograph, the lips are held less firmly, and the eyes have assumed a new outline and a new aspect. Almost, the face would seem to be shy, easily dominated, somewhat self-conscious. Here are two totally different characteristics revealed, and yet the face is the same. Nor is this clash due to mere acting, to a consciously changed expression. How can this be so?

It is so for the simple reason that almost all individuals comprise in themselves many traits which are the exact opposites of other traits present. Thus, according to circumstances, a person may act one way at one time, one way at another. Miss Daniels exhibits this phenomenon of human character very fully.

It is instinctive character. The emotions very largely control the nature, as the eyes and straight, dark brows declare. The lips and the eyes themselves show the presence of a restraining factor, however — the humor. It is a subtle humor, full of knowledge, and I am inclined to describe it as "Oriental" in type, which is the nearest way I can set it down in words.

The brow is practical, even logical, save where the emotions are concerned. The lips have ardor in them and a marked sex appeal, carried out again in the eyes. The lips also point to a certain optimism in the individual, whereas the eyes show plainly a tendency to brood, to despair even, due to the excessive emotional nature.

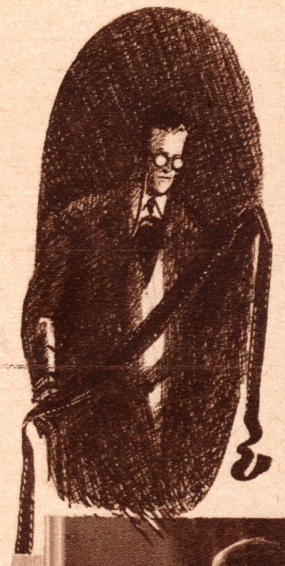
There is observation present in her face; some obstinacy if she is irritated; and a readiness to sacrifice everything for one high impulse. For a

(*Continued on page* 28)

How I Decide What Is Improper In The Movies

By the CHIEF OF CENSORS

"It is so hard to decide what is improper in the movies that I think I'll pass the pen to Mr. Levy."
BEBE DANIELS.



"I am vigorously opposed to the exploitation of the immorally suggestive picture," declared *Mr. Levy.*

Arthur Levy, *head of New York State Board of Censorship*, tells in this exclusive interview to Movie Weekly, how he determines what to cut from films

By Paul Rochester

TO OUR READERS

Movie Weekly's attitude on the censorship question is well-known to its readers. Movie Weekly is opposed to censorship of motion pictures, believing that the police powers are sufficient to prevent the exhibition of harmful or obscene films. But Movie Weekly wishes to present all sides of the question fairly. The accompanying interview with the newly appointed Motion Picture Commissioner of New York State, Arthur Levy, is the first and only interview which Mr. Levy has granted since taking office. Although he has adopted the policy of not being interviewed, he permitted a representative of Movie Weekly to obtain his point of view with reference to the censorship of films, adding, however, that he did not intend to be further interviewed in the future. Here, therefore, is the first and only interview with New York State's new censor.—EDITOR.

WHAT is your conception of a Motion Picture Censor?

Does your imagination paint for you a picture of a lean, angular, sour-faced old man, wearing black clothes and a tall hat, resembling nothing so much as a modern edition of a witch-burning New England Puritan?

Or do you get a picture of a bulbous-nosed politician, a district leader, an office-seeker, a starved hanger-on of the state political leaders, revelling for the moment in the possession of authority and a job which pays $7,500 a year and expenses?

You are wrong.

Arthur Levy, the new Commissioner of Motion Pictures of the sovereign State of New York, is neither.

Arthur Levy is a retired business man, a private citizen, a man with no political connections, a man who is the nearest thing to an average citizen that can be found.

One day last month the Legislature of New York decided by a close vote to retain the Board of Censors. On the following day, Governor Smith filled the vacancy caused by the end of the term of Joseph Levenson, former Commissioner, by appointing Mr. Levy.

I called on Mr. Levy a few days later. I found him in his pleasant office on the twenty-third floor of the Candler Building, on Forty-second Street, in the heart of the theatrical and motion picture district of the metropolis.

A tense scene from "The White Rose," which was passed by the Censors with no elimination.

I explained to him in as few words as possible my mission.

He is a man approaching middle-age, a well-dressed man, a man such as you see sitting in club windows along Fifth Avenue, a man you might expect to be conservative.

"How are you going to decide what to cut out of pictures?" I asked him. "I want to know," I added, "because I think that it is only fair that the fans—and it is the average fan who reads Movie Weekly, the fan who likes his photoplays straight and wants to see them in as nearly possible their natural state—it is only fair that the fans know how you are going to act."

MR. LEVY admitted frankly that he was not acquainted with Movie Weekly.

"I don't want to make any statement," he insisted. "I don't want to be misquoted. Censorship has enemies who are only too eager to tell untruths. I have refused to give interviews for that reason."

But he yielded to the argument that the fans deserve to know. The daily newspaper might be careless about telling all the facts, but a fan magazine, such as Movie Weekly, could not afford to be unfair. Then, and then only, did he relent.

"As a citizen of the state," he told me, "I have always had an intense interest in the promotion of healthy entertainment for the public. This interest I have retained to this moment, and I believe that motion pictures have a vital influence in the community.

"My appointment to the commission means that I shall heartily co-operate with my colleagues in a broad and conservative administration of the duties of my office. In principle, I am vigorously opposed to the exploitation of the salacious, the unclean, and the immorally suggestive picture, the picture which shows immorality merely for the sake of showing immorality. But the field of the motion picture is sufficiently large to permit the

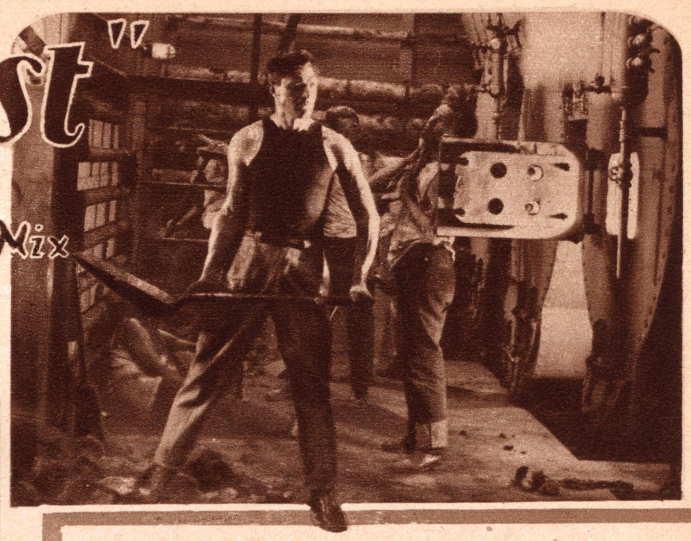
(*Continued on page 29*)

"Stepping Fast"

Presents Agile Tom Mix

In which Tom Mix steps from Frisco to China and back

I.—*Quentin Durant* (*Tom Guise*). dying, gives *Grant Malvern* (*Tom Mix*) a ring revealing the hiding place of his fortune. He asks *Malvern* to find *Alice*, his daughter, who has a duplicate of the ring.



II.—The *Chinese* servant overhears and reports to his gang. They beat up *Malvern* and throw him into the ocean for dead, stealing *Durant's* letter to *Alice*. *Malvern*, regaining consciousness, is picked up by a ship bound for *China* and put to work as a stoker.

"Tom and his wife are old friends of mine, and he is one of the most genuine men I have ever met."
BEBE DANIELS.

IV.—There he finds *Alice* (*Claire Adams*), and explains who he is. He seizes a rat and, tying a note around its neck, asking for help, he lets it out through the barred window.

III.—The gang has preceded him to *China* to find *Alice*, and when *Malvern* reaches her home, he learns she has been taken to a *Chinese* curio shop. He follows, and a trap door opens, throwing him into a dungeon.

V.—The note is found by the sailors who were with *Malvern* on shipboard and they come to his aid. A fight with the *Chinese* in the store follows and *Malvern* and *Alice* are rescued.

VI.—*Alice* and *Malvern* return to *America*, find the fortune hidden in the cliffs and triumph over the gang. They find happiness in their love for each other.

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HOLLYWOOD HO!

The second gripping instalment of "*Mary of the Movies*," the heart-tugging story of a young girl's experience within the studios of Hollywood. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization of Louis Lewyn's original story

By Charles Warnerby

***What was related in the preceding instalment*:**

Mary Mack is the younger daughter of the Mack household —a family in very moderate circumstances living in a small Arizona town. Mary is good looking, intelligent and ambitious and she dreams of the day when she will be a movie star. Lizzie her older sister is the main support of the family and Jack her younger brother is a wheelchair invalid. Ray Cannon, son of the richest man in town, loves Mary but she has been so callous to his attentions that he finally proposes to another girl to the consternation of her family and her own utter disregard. The Macks discover that an operation on Jack is absolutely necessary but that it will cost one thousand dollars —a sum beyond their fondest dreams. Mary, however, on learning of this, takes her fate in her hands and with nothing but fifty-six dollars which she has scraped together through many long months of self-denial announces her intention of going to Hollywood, determined to become a movie star.

"Dear Mother," wrote *Mary* and then stopped.

IT was a weary and travel worn Mary who alighted from the Overland Limited a day later in Los Angeles and inquired of the station porter: "Which way to Hollywood?" But the hope in Mary's heart was beating high in spite of her weariness, and each sight that met her eyes seemed in some way doubly dear and personal, as though it were all a part of that wonderful future so soon to be hers.

She made her way out of the depot with her two bags, and upon further inquiry learned that Hollywood was a suburb of Los Angeles —about seven miles distant. The proferred services of a taxi solved Mary's momentary problem of covering the distance, and once back in its black and bouncing cushions, she relaxed in contemplation of the gently rolling country about her, that had all the appearance of a well-ordered suburb with occasional stretches of semi-farm and orchid land.

Mary's pocketbook, lighter now by the carfare from Oasis, than it had been the morning before, contained a little over twenty-seven dollars, and the thought of this, together with the consuming idea of her purpose in coming to Hollywood, roused in her anew the desire and determination to find work immediately.

"I must get something at once," she thought restlessly, as a distant prospect of roofs appeared, that pointed the approach to Hollywood, the mecca of films.

Mary straightened in her seat as the taxi rattled down the principal thoroughfare of the Southern California town, drinking in the sights about her with eager eyes. She was keenly on the watch for the spectacle of movie-taking, for here in Hollywood, she had read, it was a matter of daily occurrence to see movie actors engaged in taking pictures.

No such sight met her gaze, however, and she was roused from her reverie by the taxi-driver slowing down his flivver and turning to ask: "Where to, Miss?"

Mary was nonplussed for the moment, for she had been so occupied with the thought of getting to Hollywood that no particular destination had occurred to her. The necessity for a decision in this regard was now clear, however, and after a moment's hesitation she replied:

"A hotel, please."

Satisfied, the driver of the taxi abruptly turned into another thoroughfare and drew up presently before a pretentious structure which Mary recognized from a picture as being the Hollywood Hotel.

Getting out slowly, she paid the driver his fare and, bags in hand, slowly ascended the wide steps that led to the hotel's interior.

The white stone structure bore every evidence of wealth and distinction, and its very sumptuousness awed Mary. The lobby into which she entered was spacious and handsomely furnished, and Mary felt awkwardly at once that she was an object of interest to the group of well-dressed people who sat lounging about

A tall young man, dressed in the clothing of a plainsman, came through the lobby and paused for an instant by the desk. Mary halted uncertainly as she beheld him, conscious that she had seen him before, yet unable for the moment to place him. The clerk's voice, high-pitched and irritable, reached her, and its message sent a chill of interest down her spine.

"How 'do, Mr. Kerrigan?"

So this was J. Warren Kerrigan, the well-known screen star, who was even then appearing in "The Covered Wagon." It was too wonderful to be true, Yet, this was Hollywood.

Kerrigan lingered only for a minute, then sauntered out of the front entrance of the hotel, leaving Mary with a confused sense of having encountered greatness in the flesh. It was a wonderful experience.

Proceeding to the clerk's desk, she deposited her bags at her feet and looked the clerk squarely in the eye.

"A room?" she asked nervously, conscious that this was the first time in her life she had ever stopped at a hotel alone.

The clerk gave a quick glance at his entry of registrations and turned to her with an air of supercilious finality.

"Twelve dollars," was all he returned.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary. "Then I'll I'll pay for a week in advance.

She drew out her pocketbook and extracted the bills from her slender hoard. Laying the money on the register before her she reached, as she had heard was customary, for the pen. The clerk stared.

"Twelve dollars a day!" he said coldly.

The pen dropped from Mary's hand and she felt frightened.

"A day?" she echoed in a hollow voice. This was no place for her, she realized.

The clerk merely stared in reply and suddenly Mary in a panic turned to pick up her bags and fled. As she seized them and started across the lobby for the entrance through which she had just come, the suitcase she was carrying opened and an odd assortment of lingerie, purchased in the Oasis shops tumbled out upon the hotel floor.

A ripple of laughter rose from some women seated nearby and Mary's face burned with

(*Continued on page* 27)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Mary's Cutting Remark

Doug Fairbanks is letting his hair grow long for his Arabian Nights' picture and looks quite remarkable. Somebody asked him, the other day at a luncheon party, how much longer he intended letting his hair grow.

"Well," piped up Mary Pickford, his wife, "I can't stand it much longer."

The Actor Had the Last Word

A certain actor, according to the story, when he came to work one morning, was a little careless where he parked his Ford. He placed it in an empty stall at the studio, disregarding the fact that the name of a certain director was painted prominently over the door of the stall.

When the actor went after his Ford that night, he found a note, reading: "Don't let me find your Ford here again."

Next day, when the director parked his car in the stall, he found an answer to his note: "I saw your latest picture, and I didn't expect to find your car here again."

"Oh, Pshaw!" Said the Waiter

Peggy Shaw has rather a gift for repartee. The other day she had been waiting for twenty minutes in a restaurant. Finally the waiter approached her.

"How would you like your steak, miss?" he asked.

Peggy beamed on him. "Very well, indeed," said she.

Justine Johnstone Returns

Justine Johnstone is soon to return to the screen, according to report. She has been living in England for the past few years, as her husband, Walter Wanger, has business interests there.

Miss Johnstone's first picture upon her return will be Geoffrey Moss' novel, "Sweet Pepper."

Too Ghostly for Ora Carew

Of course Ora Carew doesn't really believe in ghosts, but just the same, things have been a little too spooky, she thinks. And if the bandits who have been annoying her lately are really human, why don't they steal something?—that's what Ora wants to know.

The other evening when Miss Carew and her husband, John Howard, returned to their home in Hollywood, they found their pet dog in the throes of death by poisoning. The back screen had been torn open, but, strangely enough, nothing had been stolen. And also strangely—though this is the third time in two weeks that their house has been entered, nothing has ever been stolen. Besides these uncanny happenings, the Howards claim they have been hearing queer sounds at night.

"I'm getting a spooky feeling," said Miss Carew. "When we bought the house, no one said anything about throwing a ghost in with the purchase. Of course in England, one's ancestral ghosts are expected to walk, but even the most aristocratic spirit doesn't make me happy."

Colleen Moore is all prepared for her role in *"April Showers."* She even has a vase to catch the showers in.

WITZEL

Anita Stewart to Sue for Divorce

Whether vacations from each other are good for married couples or not, Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron find their vacation about to end in the divorce court. A couple of months ago, Miss Stewart gave out word that she and her husband had agreed to disagree for a while, but now she admits that she is going to sue for divorce.

"Yes," she said, "it is true that I am going to get a divorce, but I have been so busy and so interested in my work that I haven't had much time to think about it. Perhaps I shall file suit in New York, but on the other hand, I may wait until I return from England, where I expect to make a picture this summer."

Miss Stewart admitted that she and her husband had not been living together for some time.

Rumor has it that Constance Talmadge's former husband John Pialoglou, is very devoted to Miss Stewart.

So Shines a Good Deed

Ernest Lubitsch is going around with a nice Pollyanna "glad" feeling, because of the help he gave in bringing about a family reunion.

It seems that at the Pickford-Fairbanks' studio, where he is directing Mary's new picture, Mr. Lubitsch received a letter from Starka Goodoff, a vaudeville actor, who was trying to locate his sister, a screen actress in Germany. He had lost track of her during the war and wondered if by chance Mr. Lubitsch had known her professionally abroad. He did not know what name she might have taken.

Lubitsch brushed up his memory of all the German actresses that he could think of and looked up several German newspapers with portraits of actresses in them. When Goodoff reached Los Angeles, he went to see the director and Mr. Lubitsch showed him the pictures. Sure enough, there in a newspaper was the picture of Goodoff's sister, Lya Mara, who had become a great screen favorite in Germany.

So the other day Lubitsch received a letter from Goodoff, announcing joyfully that he had got in touch with his sister and was eagerly looking forward to their reunion in Germany in the near future.

Finding a Friend

Fifth absorbing instalment of "The Life of a Movie Actress," *laying bare the innermost secrets* of a young girl's heart in her battle for fame in the studio world

By Mary Jessop

What has happened thus far

When Rita Rogers is eighteen, her father loses his money and soon dies. She and her sister Grace move to New York. Rita becomes a saleswoman in a department store. Robert Allen, head of the firm, recognizes in Rita the daughter of his old friend. He insists that she take a vacation at his expense. Rita impulsively kisses him. She returns to the glove department. The two girls are living at Mrs. Carey's boarding house, where Rita meets Fred Randall. Meantime Grace dies. Randall makes love to Rita. One night Mrs. Carey finds him in Rita's room in his pajamas with Rita in his arms. Mrs. Carey orders them both out of her house. The next day at the store, Rita, sobbing violently, tells Mr. Allen the whole story. He tells her he loves her and proposes that she become his mistress, explaining that he cannot marry her because his wife refuses to divorce him. She decides in favor of his proposition and they live together as man and wife, until one morning Rita receives word that Robert Allen has been killed in an accident. His son informs Rita that his father had arranged to invest $500,000 in her name. She tours the world with a Mrs. Beson, a former stage celebrity as companion. While in Paris she suddenly decides to go into the movies and starts for Hollywood at once.

"Do you think that because I sold myself once there isn't any good in me?—that I'm only good to become another man's mistress?"

I SHALL never forget my first impression of Los Angeles. It seemed the most fascinating place I had ever seen until I arrived at Hollywood where we motored from Los Angeles. Hollywood is a perfect fairyland. There we saw the same gay big-windowed shops with apartments over them and flower boxes blooming everywhere under bright awnings; the same attractive bungalows and rows of palmetto trees and the same extra brand of sunshine which I had noticed when we drove through the streets of Los Angeles, but not the same people.

In Hollywood there is a much higher per cent of well dressed people. At the hotel where we stopped there were even more white flannel trousers to the square inch than we had seen on the streets of Hollywood and almost half the girls had blond curls, though only one of them was Mary Pickford.

I was very happy to be there with so charming a woman as Mrs. Benson, and very grateful to Robert Allen for making it all possible.

After dinner that first night we were sitting on the veranda and I again experienced a feeling of utter loneliness in this very gay place. Big cars were flying to and from the hotel bearing doll-faced girls and men with patent-leather hair and sports clothes. I found myself wishing for male companionship and my thoughts turned to Robert Allen. Since the old days in Chicago, between the time of my debut and my father's failure, Robert Allen was the only man who had taken me to gay places like this. The Chicago days seemed far away now and about all that seemed real to me was the more recent experiences with Robert Allen. When I had gone to live with him I had buried my past.

As I sat there day dreaming a man stopped before us. It was Fred Randall, who had made love to me while I was at Mrs Carey's boarding house in New York.

He recognized Mrs. Benson first. "Well, well, I didn't expect to see you here. Everyone turns up in Hollywood sooner or later though. Are you in pictures?" His manner was that which he might have used in speaking to a queen.

"We just got here today. I want you to meet my friend, Miss Rita Rogers. Oh, have you met before?"

"Yes, said Fred smiling. "And you, going into pictures, too?" He took my hand in his warm, friendly clasp and there was nothing about him to indicate that the last time we had seen each other it was under most unconventional and unpleasant circumstances.

I didn't manage quite so well. I had a queer sinking feeling around my heart and a tightening in my throat, a premonition of impending disaster.

"Doing anything tonight?" Fred inquired. "Won't you both come for a little ride? My car is outside."

Fred, it seemed was a motion picture publicity man here in Hollywood.

We urged Mrs. Benson to come with us though neither of us really wished her to come. And yet in a way I did, too. While there were a lot of things I wanted to know about him, I wasn't interested in his asking too much about my affairs.

It had been but a year and a half since I had seen Fred Randall, yet the change in him was marked. Handsome, tall, slender and well-dressed, prosperity and association with prominent motion picture people had made him a wellgroomed, man of the world. He compared favorably with any of the men around the hotel. And his car! It was an expensive high-powered affair, the kind used only by very rich men in New York.

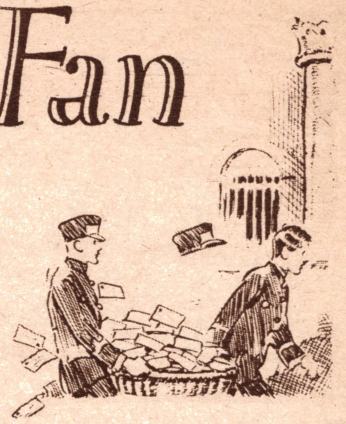
"Why, are you a millionaire?" I gasped.

He laughed lightly. "Looks like it, 'eh? But then they all do it out here. And I'm getting some salary. It goes with the game."

I told him then, as we slid past wonderful

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan



Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Yes. I am an unknown pen-pusher, but it was my privilege to have a nice long chat with Douglas Fairbanks at the studio, when he was producing "The Three Musketeers." This is how it happened. Doug invited some Long Beach High School girls to see him in action at the studio, as they were studying the work in English while he was filming the classic.

I watched breathlessly while he dashed through the tavern scene four times. The girls giggled and exclaimed. I was alone, and somehow Doug saw me. Perhaps he thought me the class wall flower and sympathized. Anyway, while they were re-setting the scene, he came over and sat beside me. He told me how, as a boy, he had loved the characters in "The Three Musketeers." That if he only broke even financially on the production, he would be satisfied, as it had been a cherished dream of his to play D'Artagnan. I told him I was a scenario writer and he gave me some valuable pointers about scenario writing from the producers' viewpoint.

When he spoke of Mary, his wife, I had a new insight into the depth of Douglas Fairbanks' character. I felt it was not Mary Pickford, "Our Mary," to whom he referred, but his "Mary." There was so much of reverence in his tone.

As Fred Niblo lifted his megaphone and Doug bowed to me, he said, "If you ever write anything suitable for Mary or myself, send it to me." I believe it is that very human quality which has brought him success; while producing a work from the pen of a master, he still found time to encourage the efforts of a beginner.

Doug is the sort of man whose dreams one likes to see come true. A. D. GARRETSON.

'Gene Autographed Her Book

I enjoyed my meeting with Eugene O'Brien so much that I want you to hear about it. Mother and I went to see "Steve," and as soon as it was over I rushed back stage. There, in a doorway, stood 'Gene, conversing with Manager Martin. As I came near, 'Gene turned from Mr. Martin to me, saying: "Well, who is this here?" I introduced myself and asked for his autograph. "Sure!" then he said, "Now see what you've started!"

Ten flappers had followed me and saw him autographing my book, so they were having him autograph all over their programs. He wrote "Best Wishes" in mine, and was writing most everything in theirs, and saying, "Girls, this is getting more personal as it goes along." When they left, Manager Martin and 'Gene came over to me, 'Gene holding my hand (thrilling), while he conversed. I asked him to address a letter to Norma Talmadge for me.

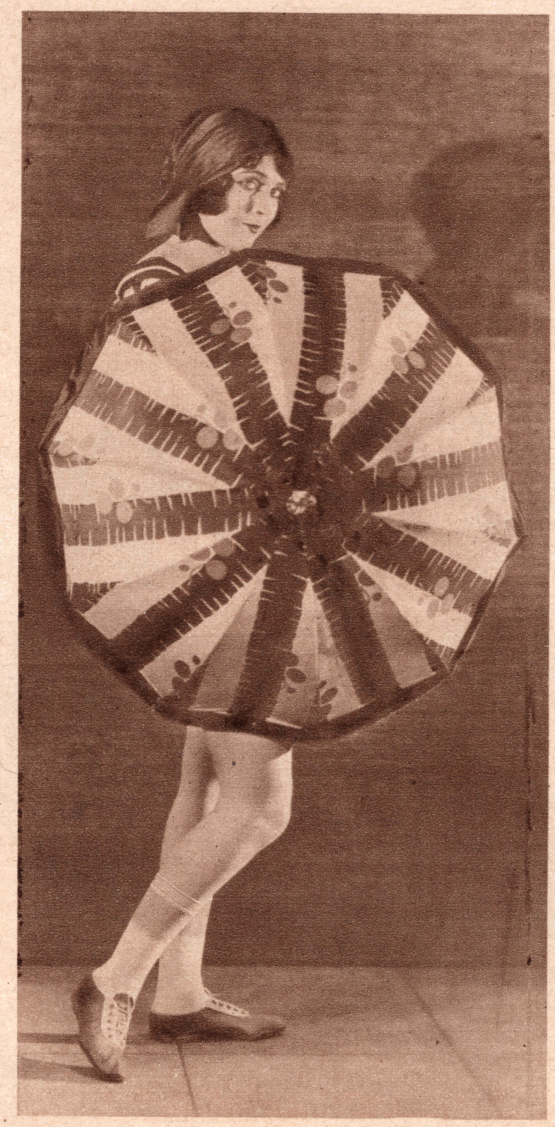
"You bet, I'll put my name on the back, that will be a good joke on her, won't it?" But before he had it addressed, the cop who was guarding the stage door let fifty "Stage Door Jennies" in, 'Gene addressed them so: "Pleased to meet you, hullo, good-bye!" While they were leaving, the cop took hold of my shoulder and tried to put me out with them, but 'Gene pulled me back, addressed the letter, and said "Good-night!" to Mother and me. I was so thrilled all I could utter was a quick, "Thanks, good-night!"

MARJORIE HUNTER.

Fan Describes Eric von Stroheim

The only motion picture star I ever met is Eric von Stroheim. If I ever was thoroughly shocked in my life, it was at this meeting. You know how Stroheim is pictured on the screen, wicked, worldly, leering and quite a few more unprintable adjectives? Well, OFF the screen, what a change!

He is little, can't possibly be more than five feet four or five, quite thin, which accentuates the smallness of his physical stature, blonde hair (what there is of it, for the fans all know how Stroheim crops it), large brown eyes that look frankly and sincerely at you, and almost pitifully appreciative of any kind words, intermingled with a certain shyness that adds to his bearing.



***Jacqueline Logan* carries an umbrella—she won't have to get her bathing suit wet!**

He speaks English with a slight accent and gestures freely, some of his gestures closely resembling a windmill in action.

He has a smile that seems to go from ear to ear and a subtle sense of humor. Across his forehead is a vivid red scar, gained in the Austrian Bosnian war in which he said he was an Uhlan.

He is the very essence of culture and refinement and has two darling sons, Eric, Jr., about 6, and the exact counterpart of his father, and St. Ritus, just a few months old.

CATHERINE CARLSON COOPER.

Tom Moore in Hawaii

I was on duty in the Hawaiian Islands during 1921-22 and there I had the pleasure of meeting Tom Moore, then on his honeymoon in Hawaii with his beautiful bride, Rene Adoree, although I did not meet Mrs. Moore.

A friend and I were down at Waikiki Beach and Mr. Moore had just come from the Moana Hotel for his daily swim and to master the art of the Hawaiian Surfboard.

We talked of various subjects, his trip over from the States, the Islands, boxing, in which Mr. Moore seemed greatly interested, some of his pictures and of the film industry.

Mr. Moore has a wonderful personality and is a very convincing talker.

I had a very interesting afternoon and greatly appreciated being able to have a few words with Mr. Moore. C. R. S.

Rudolph, Sun of Romance

I have had the honor of seeing Valentino dance in person, and would like to describe him, as a real, true fan saw him. Such a romantic figure, for since he arrived in America, he has reached the pedestal of public esteem to an extent never before equalled by a public favorite. Gypsy lure and subtle grace!

His boyish, handsome face is alive with youth and vitality, framed with wonderful jet-black hair, which is clipped close, and smoothed back. His flashy eyes seemed of a tawny brown. The best thing about him was his SMILE, for when he smiled it was to show a wonderful row of pearly white teeth. His voice was sweet and clear, with just the least bit of a foreign accent, only adding to its distinctness. All in all, he was wonderful. More power to Rudolph Valentino. His very name brings forth the Sun of Romance.

I. P.

A Feminine Ponce de Leon

All of a sudden, in the heavy darkness of the theatre, a light was seen on the stage—but I hesitated a moment to decide whether it was a light or a flashing little glow-worm.

Really, that was precisely the way I was impressed by the youthful-old actress, Edna Wallace Hopper. How dainty and feminine she is!

The surrounding darkness of the theatre was a wonderful contrast to the charm of this female Ponce de Leon, who was clothed in a daring red costume, extravagantly spangled, and pinnacled with a doll's face (literally speaking), which was crowned with such a glorious wreath of hair, as would flatter the flapperest of flappers.

Yes, again I proclaim her a female Ponce de Leon!

BERTHA FRIEDMAN.

A Gala Event

Last year at the opening of Loew's Warfield Theatre, San Francisco, about thirty famous screen stars were present. Clara Kimball Young, Lois Wilson, Viola Dana, Claire Windsor, all great favorites of mine. They were just as wonderful in person as they appear on the screen.

I happened to take with me a small Kodak and I was able to take a few snaps of the stars, which I am proud to have in my possession.

LOUISE.

In the SCREEN WORLD of FASHION

Dame Fashion has started somewhat of a feud between French and American designers. With Milady in America turning more and more toward New York fashions, and Paris holding out for its sartorial supremacy, the competition is quite keen. And the result is a sort of hodge-podge which permits one to wear almost anything—except short skirts.

Long, slinky lines with a low waistline and very long skirts still form the favorite style for one's gowns, but on the other hand there is the Directoire style to be considered—high waistline, tight bodice and full skirt. Likewise there is a radical difference in the two sleeve styles—much or none. The sleeveless gown is becoming more popular than ever as the hot weather approaches, and certainly it is a delightfully cool fashion for summer—for those who can wear it! That qualification, by the way, is rather important, as many girls do not seem to realize that their arms are not sufficiently well rounded to look well without sleeves.

Printed linens are much in vogue, especially in black and white effects, and this material seems popular for out-of-doors. The knitted sweater which we have been wearing for years is on the wane at last, and is supplanted to a great extent by the fabric sports jacquette. Rough gray flannel is much in vogue for sports wear.

For next fall, all sorts of predictions are being made. The long, slim lines will be as long and slim as ever, probably, with the waist line practically disappearing. Belts, in fact, will go out entirely, with ribbons and bows replacing them, according to the National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Association, which recently held its convention. The straight wrap-around coat will retain its hold on popular favor, which should be good news for those who have bought that style of coat for spring. The uneven length will be used, with fur tabs extending to the ankles. Coats, rather than suits, will be the thing for fall. But what suits there are will be the two extremes—the rough tweeds and the very dressy suits of soft fabrics such as velvets. Black, brown and gray will continue as the popular colors.

Sleeves will be set in and flare from a fitted shoulder, with cuffs of fur. Fur, by the way, will be used extensively as trimming, and used in all sorts of bizarre places. The preference for brown furs will be pronounced, including sable for those who can afford it; mink kolinsky, brown-dyed squirrel. Hem borders of fur will be seen on next season's coats.

The short jacket of caracul and broadtail so much in evidence among the flappers this spring will not be in great favor for fall.

Collars will be smaller, and some of the extremely smart models show chin or turnback collars.

Mabel Julienne Scott, leading woman for William Russell in "Times Have Changed," has started a new fad. She carries a tiny colored handkerchief in the mouth of her white fox neckpiece.

And speaking of fads, Mae Murray has a most unusual one. It is pajamas! Instead of the elaborate negligees which many women of fashion choose for their moments of rest during the day, Miss Murray goes in for the simplest kind of silk pajamas, mostly of Chinese brocade. She says she finds them particularly restful.

She designs them all herself, as well as some of the gowns she wears in her pictures. Designing her own clothes is one of Mae's hobbies when she has a little spare time between pictures.

Betty Compson has one of the new type of French gowns. It is of silver cloth, with tight bodice, high waist and full skirt, pointed. Between the points, silver lace and silver roses are inserted and the hip line is sharply accentuated. With the gown she wears a wrap of silver lace with a new "pillow" collar.

Miss Compson's wardrobe includes also an afternoon tailleur of beige silk poplin with a long skirt and low waistline. The jacket is trimmed with monkey fur and embroidered in gold. A high, standing collar is lined with black. The skirt is edged with monkey fur and a long panel on the right side touches the ground.

Ruth Roland goes in lavishly for ruffles and poke bonnets. One of her new gowns, of Paisley crepe in purple and green tones, has its skirt trimmed perpendicularly with scant, wide ruffles of fuchsia colored crepe. With this she wears a hat of fuchsia colored straw and silk, with drooping brim.

Another beruffled gown of Miss Roland's is of orchid crepe chiffon, with inch deep purple ruffles all over, worn with a poke chapeau of horsehair in orchid. A dove gray chiffon crepe has tiny ruffles of black silk lace and is worn with a drooping brimmed gray hat, wth two large velvet roses on it.

Blanche Sweet is especially suited with black velvet hats, just incongruous enough to be smart. One of them she wears with an evening gown of green, beaded with rhinestones, with green glace kid slippers to match.

Claire Windsor has ordered a Cossack coat dress with its waistline at the normal position. It is tailored of soft brown material, embroidered with wool designs in Russian shades.

A radical innovation in footwear are the silk and wool sports hose which culminate in a strip of the fabric tied in a bow just below the knee.

Straps also are in evidence in some of the new gowns from Paris which have such a narrow ankle line that inside straps and underlacings are provided to make walking more comfortable.

Gretl Thurlow, who designs the costumes for Cosmopolitan productions, and who, by the way, is the daughter of Joseph Urban, the famous scenic artist, is responsible for the striking gowns in "Enemies of Women." Particularly in the scene of Prince Lubimoff's party are seen many striking gowns designed by Mrs. Thurlow.

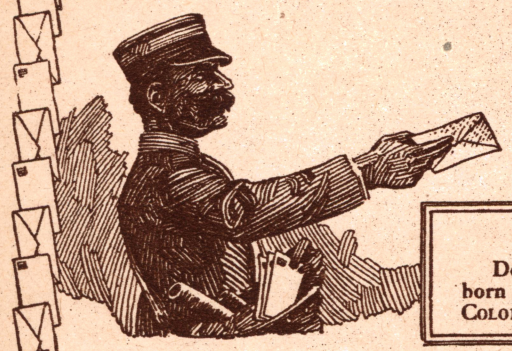
For instance, Helen Lee Worthing, who is a striking blonde Norwegian type, wears, appropriately, a long, draped gown of pink chiffon over pink satin. Its long sleeves are banded with rich sable six inches wide, and the neck line is high on the left shoulder and very low on the right; so low, in fact, that the right shoulder is entirely bare. Mrs. Thurlow realized the beauty of Miss Worthing's shoulder and wished to call attention to them in her design.

Jean La Monte, as a Jewish beauty in "Enemies of Women," wears Oriental green brocaded trousers and bodice; a batik dyed veil is draped over this foundation, starting from a jeweled crown and gathering volume until it winds up in a whimsical train. Long, jeweled earrings effectively complete the costume.

Shirley Mason has some very decided ideas as to what constitutes "style" in one's dressing. According to Miss Mason, one is only in style when one reflects her—or his—own personality in clothes.

"If style doesn't enhance one's appearance," says Miss Mason, "how can it be style? If a girl looks better in short-waisted gowns, why should she wear long-waisted ones just because everyone else does? What good does it do a girl to be 'in style' if she is not presenting herself at her best?"

***Bebe Daniels in "The Exciters"* wears this frock of flesh colored chiffon trimmed with handmade lace. The front of the gown is bound with cafe au lait colored satin.**



Girl Wants to Be Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

BUNNY GRAUER, the youthful hero of "The Town That Forgot God," writes that some of his fans who requested photographs failed to give him their addresses. So if KATHERINE BRESKE, ANTONIO SALVO, MARGARET LANG and ALFRED JORDAN, will let him know where they wish the photographs sent, Bunny will be glad to give them his picture. Bunny lives at 151 W. 28th St., New York.

SMALL TOWN KID—So you saw Ben Turpin last summer? The question is, did he see you? One has to stand just so or Ben can't see one. Ramon Novarro's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. He has been in pictures about three years. Write to Bebe Daniels and Betty Compson at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan deny that they are engaged.

A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE MRS. MALCOLM MACGREGOR—The only trouble with that scheme is that the present Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor might object. With all due respect to your charms, I'm quite sure Malcolm would't marry you if you asked him. His recent pictures are "All the Brothers Were Valiant," "Broken Chains," "Can a Woman Love Twice?" "Greater Glory," "A Noise in Newboro." Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahunga St., Hollywood.

G. JENE—You already know all that I know about Arnold Gregg—more in fact; you at least know who he is.

MILDRED B.—Your questions concerning "The Voice From the Minaret" were answered in the April 21st issue. I have never heard that Mary Alden had a husband.

JUST A GAL—My name is much longer than my whiskers since I had my whiskers bobbed. Lois Wilson has hazel eyes and brown hair. Doug's latest picture is "Robin Hood." Viola Dana and Shirley Mason merely adopted different names for screen purposes. Flugrath is their real name.

FLORA-DORA—Alta Allen can be reached at the New Amsterdam Theatre, W. 42nd St., New York. She is playing in the Follies. She played in "A Shocking Night" and in "Seven Years Bad Luck." Eileen Percy can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and so can May McAvoy. Pronounce May's last name with accent on Mc. She is twenty-two and unmarried. Pat Moore is the son of Matt Moore.

ANGELA—Do they call you that because you're such an angel? Pola Negri's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood and so is Richard Dix's The best way to find out whether they will send you their photographs is to ask them.

E. V. A.—No, I can't say I agree with you that John Gilbert is a better actor than Valentino. If he is it's been kept a deep secret from the public. He was born in Utah in 1895 and started his career on the stage. He is married to Leatrice Joy. Alice Brady is thirty. She is divorced from James Crane and has a young son Donald.

IMA SHEBA—So you'd like to get better acquainted with me before you start on the stars? I don't blame you; if I were starting on the stars with someone I'd rather pick someone I knew. So the picture of me reminds you of Santa Claus? Perhaps, for variety, I might have the artist draw me eating a cracker to remind you of Fourth of July. Thomas Meighan is forty and is an American. Buster Keaton's real name is Joseph Frank. Marjorie Daw is twenty-two; she recently married Eddie Sutherland.

The *Colonel*, as *Editor Bebe Daniels* sees him.

SNUGGLE AND VAMP—I'm not sure I should allow you around this office. It isn't that kind of an office. Richard Dix is twenty-nine and Malcolm MacGregor twenty-six. Malcolm is married and has a little daughter,; Richard is a bachelor. John Bowers doesn't give his age.

MICKY—Do I know if Gareth Hughes has any sisters or brothers, or relatives in this country, you ask. Well, you must admit I have my hands full keeping track of stars and their husbands and wives without trying to remember their whole family trees. Gareth was born in Wales in 1897. Write him at the International Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York. No, Movie Weekly does not buy poems. Prices paid for scenarios range from about seventy-five dollars to an amateur to thousands to a well known writer.

B. L. L.—Yes, you are right that Joseph Schildkraut is European, but you are mistaken in saying that Movie Weekly's interview with him in the April 28th issue gave his birthplace as Buenos Aires. It stated that he played his first stage role in Buenos Aires at the age of five. The same article said that he was a "Latin in looks and temperament." It is preferable that you sign your full name to any letters you write asking questions, but not necessary.

AN ADMIRER—Ah, so I have an admirer! Kenneth Harlan lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles, and Marie Prevost at 451 S Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Write to Mae Murray at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and Claire Windsor at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

MIKE JONES—If you've waited five months for Art Acord's picture, I'm afraid the sad truth is you won't get any. I don't believe Art is as slow as all that. Joe Striker's photograph was published in the Art Series for May 19th.

R. S. V. P.—I have that signature every week, but no one ever sends me the refreshments those initials call for—at least hardly anyone. Practically all our readers prefer the two single page pictures each week to the double page Art Series Movie Weekly formerly published. Pauline Starke is twenty-three. That is her real name. Movie Weekly published pictures of the stars you asked about in the following issues: Betty Blythe, May 6, 1922, Corinne Griffith, April 8, 1922, Lillian Gish, July 8, 1922; Madge Bellamy's picture was on the cover of the February 2, 1923 issue.

TWO FANS—Does Rudolph get fan letters, you ask? Not more than a thousand or so a week. He lives at 50 W. 67th St., New York. Nita Naldi was born in New York of Italian parentage. Joseph Striker played Harry in "Silver Wings."

ESTELLE NARRO—I've no idea what became of Joe Bonomo, Hope Hampton's Apollo contest winner. Probably, like most of these contest winners, he played that one role and that was the end of his picture career.

E. H.—It's too bad you haven't had any luck getting your favorites' pictures in Movie Weekly, but most of those you mention are not especially popular among the fans. Ramon Novarra's picture was published in the April 21st issue. It was not "Omar the Tentmaker" that he played in but "Omar Khayyam" which has never been released because of legal difficulties. Yes, Wyndham Standing is married, but I don't know whether C. Edward Hatton is or not.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

Mary of the Movies

(Continued from page 21)

embarrassment. Hastily replacing her belongings in the suitcase, she fled out of the lobby and down the white stone steps outside.

An hour later, still burning with the mortification of her mishap in the hotel lobby, Mary found herself in a little Hollywood park. She seated herself wearily on a bench, only vaguely aware that it already was occupied in part by another, and gave herself up to a bitter contemplation of her position.

Her thoughts turned backward to Oasis and her mother and Lizzie and Jack. How keenly she found herself missing them now and how good it would be, once she had obtained fame and fortune, to see them again, to send for them and have them visit her.

But first there was Jack and the money for his operation that she had come all the way from her home in Oasis to Hollywood to earn. One thousand dollars! And board here in the hotels cost twelve dollars a day. How could she ever earn enough to take care of both?

"What's the matter, youngster? You look blue."

Mary turned at the sound of the pleasant, quiet voice making this inquiry, and found it came from a girl seated on the bench beside her. "In pictures?" the girl continued, intent, apparently, upon becoming acquainted.

Mary shook her head uncertainly, trying to summon a little smile. It ended in a shrug.

"Not yet," she admitted, a trifle forlornly.

The girl beside her smiled, but it was not a smile of amusement, and Mary recoiled from it instinctively.

"Want to become a star, I suppose," the girl murmured, divining the presence there of one so evidently suited to other parts and things.

Mary smiled this time.

"Who wouldn't?" she retorted, feeling a real pleasure in this new found acquaintance who was the first person she had talked to in thirty-six hours.

"Would you?"

It was the girl's turn to shrug, which she did, staring straight before her at a clump of rhododendron bushes.

"I've been here two years," she said with quiet bitterness, "and I'm glad when I can make $7.50 a day, three days a week. Go back home, little girl, while you've got a home to go to."

Mary's lips tightened in a look of grim determination and her hands clenched slightly.

"I came here," she replied, "to earn money enough to have my brother operated on, and I shan't go back until I do this."

The girl beside her looked up in surprise at her tone and encountered the hard, set look of determination on Mary's face.

"Say!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Do you know, I like you. You've got sand, youngster, and it's what one needs out here. Where are you stopping?"

Mary explained, with a half humorous grimace, her experience in the hotel she had recently left, and the girl beside her laughed.

"Right out on the carpet—everything, eh?"

Mary nodded. "I'd have fallen through the floor with embarrassment. Well, I'll tell you. Suppose you come over to the Studio Club. You can live there as cheaply as you can anywhere, and tomorrow we'll try the casting directors Let me have one of those bags of yours and let's go. Mary submitted to her new found friend's impetuous way of doing things, feeling it good for a change to lean upon the will of another. Together they made their way out of the park and on to the main thoroughfare of Hollywood.

"Say!" suddenly demanded her new found friend. "What's you name? Mine's Rosemary."

So, acquainted now, they proceeded on down Hollywood Boulevard where a late afternoon crowd was beginning to pass on foot and in sumptuous motors. Mary continued to drink in the sights, while Rosemary talked.

"Look, Mary!" the latter remarked, after they had walked a few blocks. "There's Barbara La Marr and her new baby, Ivan. Isn't he a darling? And that's Elliott Dexter who has just stopped to speak to them."

Mary looked as she was bidden and felt a great thrill of happiness go over her. This was not Oasis, the little humdrum Arizona town, where you had to let the clock run down to know it was Sunday. It was Hollywood, the thriving center of that great industry, the movies. And it was the life!

Rosemary and Mary continued on down the Boulevard, the former pointing out first one celebrity, then another, while Mary simply marvelled in silence. At last they turned into a side street and presently approached a large white structure that Rosemary said was the Studio Club.

Inside the wide hall of the building were doorways opening on both sides on music and writing rooms, and through these doorways Mary could see girls gathered or seated in various attitudes, some engaged in writing and others in sewing. Without Rosemary's telling her, Mary knew that these girls were all picture people and something seemed to inform her that they were not stars, either.

Rosemary led the way up a wide stairway to a hall above and from thence up another stairway to a small room containing a white iron bed, a bureau, a table and a chair. Some personal belongings lay here and there, bearing evidence of its occupancy by a woman, and Rosemary's at home attitude, as she removed her hat, and flopped down on the bed, appraised Mary that it was her room.

"Take off your things' dear," Rosemary told her, "and after supper, I'll see about your getting a room on this floor. There's a vacancy at the south end. The girl who had it got married last week and decided to let her husband do all the supporting."

"Did she marry an actor?" Mary inquired, setting her bags on the floor and removing her jacket.

"No a cameraman," Rosemary answered. "She came all the way from Chicago to be a screen star. Just like you," Rosemary added with sly malice. "But the gods weren't kind to her, and she finally surrended to the persistent wooing of a cameraman."

Mary nodded calmly at this recital, ignoring the "just like you" dig, for she had already determined that her fate was not to be the fate of the girl from Chicago, and that she was going to forge ahead in spite of all obstacles.

After they had freshened up a bit, and the tiny clock on the table pointed to six, Rosemary proposed that they descend to the dining-room and eat. Here, Mary met some of the other girls, seeking screen fame in Hollywood, like herself, but it seemed to her in the face of each of them she discerned the strange, restless, hard, unhappy look that she had first glimpsed in Rosemary.

"There must be something about the life," thought Mary, "that robs a girl of hope. What can it be?"

Supper over, Rosemary and Mary ascended again to the main floor where the latter made arrangements for Mary to stay at the Studio Club. This accomplished, the former turned to Mary and excused herself for the evening.

"I've got a date," she explained "You won't mind my going?"

"Oh, no," Mary assured her. "And besides I want to go to bed early. I'm tired out."

"Yes," Rosemary returned, "and you want to be fine and fresh for tomorrow when we make the rounds of the casting directors and try to find something Darling, you're pretty enough to be a star."

Mary smiled wearily and they said goodbye. Above in the room she was conducted to, she seated herself when alone, and a great tide of loneliness surged over her. Oasis in all its homely aspects came back in a warm grateful picture and she had to fight bravely to keep from wishing herself back there again. The little house with her mother and Lizzie and Jack never seemed so sweet a place to live, as when she sat alone in her room at the Studio Club. At last she reached for the paper and pen on the table before her, that had been left in the room by its former occupant and wrote at the upper lefthand corner the words, "Dear Mother."

She hesitated a little, torn between the desire to open her heart and tell how lonely she was, and the proud instinct to preserve an outer semblance of cheerful optimism. In the end she did nothing.

Back to her mind came the memory of the faces of the girls at the supper table and the restless, hard, unhappy expression that dwelt in the face of each.

"I wonder," she pondered again, "what it can be in this life out here in Hollywood that makes the girls look that way? What can it be?"

Later, Mary was to know.

(To be continued)

IN THE MIDST OF EDITING MOVIE WEEKLY

Bebe Daniels stops to get acquainted with its publisher and his family. On her right are Braunda, Beverly, and Mrs. Macfadden; on her left are Bernarr Macfadden, Beulah and Byrnece.

Harold Lloyd's Autobiography

(Continued from page 13)

in Los Angeles. The members of our company called it a studio, because we worked in it from time to time, but as a matter of fact, it was just a deserted building.

Our real studio was Westlake Park. Our scenarios were made-to-order, and that meant that they were made up as we went along. And naturally we made gags to fit our locations, and as we did not want to work in our so-called studio any more than necessary, most of the scenes in our pictures were made out-of-doors in the park.

And sunlight was much cheaper than Cooper-Hewitts.

We had a good time. We could not have succeeded if we hadn't kept a stiff upper lip, if we had not retained faith in ourselves. We did retain that faith on the surface. But in our hearts, we all used to ask ourselves whether we would ever amount to anything. We weren't sure. But we were game enough to try to find out.

MOREOVER, although Hal Roach was now a picture producer and a director, and I was a star, we were no better off financially than before. Glory we had, although not a great deal of that rather doubtfully valuable quality, but money . . .

I have always had one intense desire. I crave silk shirts.

Now that I am able to buy silk shirts, my craving is none the less intense. But then, when I was making $5 a day, a silk shirt represented the peak of my ambition. Then I looked at haberdasher's windows with aching eyes. If I could only have bought one silk shirt, I would have been satisfied, I would have worn it forever. But although I was a movie star, I couldn't even afford to buy one silk shirt.

Such were our lives, a melange of hope, ambition and desire. But although we were still treacherously near the foot of the ladder, our step was now firmer. We were no longer on the lowermost rung. We were on our way up.

Ray Stewart was the next addition to our company. Roach had made enough money on his Englishman to chance some of his profits on comedy-dramas. He planned to make two-reel comedy-dramas with Stewart, and one-reel comedies, in which I was to star. Incidentally—as we were unable to make more than one picture at a time—I was to play character roles in Stewart's pictures as well.

Being a star, I was naturally to have a contract. But no millionaire lawyer drew it up for me. It was verbal.

"I'll pay you $5 a day until we see how things go," Roach said.

"O. K., Hal," I replied.

That was my contract.

The first picture made was a comedy. It was called "Just Nuts," and it was just that, a series of gags that linked every scene of the one reel. I still believe that that comedy, my first, was funny, and that if it were shown today, it would get a surprising number of laughs.

We made it in less than a week. When it was finished, Stewart joined us and his first picture was begun. On the first day, I was given a character role and went to work. But in the course of that day I learned that Stewart was making $10 a day, $60 a week. I—I was getting only $5. I rebelled.

YOU MUST bear in mind that I was very young, and that the glory of being a star had perhaps gone to my head. I had not yet learned fully the lesson which O'Connor had tried to teach me. So to Hal Roach, the man who had done more for me than anyone else in pictures, I went with a kick.

"I'm only getting half as much as Stewart," I told him, "and I'm doing twice as much work as he. Moreover, I'm being featured the same way he is, and I want as much money as you are paying him."

Roach looked at me reproachfully. He had not expected this sort of an attack.

"You're worth every cent of the money you ask," he replied. "But what am I to do? I can't afford to pay two men that steep salary."

I knew he was telling the truth. I knew that he was up against a difficult problem, and although I knew that I needed money badly myself, I would be serving myself best by sticking to him. I stuck.

But at the end of the first picture, I again felt that I should get more recognition. I realized that I was standing still so far as salary was concerned and that I could afford to wait no longer.

(Continued next week)

What I Found in Hollywood

(Continued from page 5)

"The preacher, eh? Well, what did Movie Weekly say in answer to his allegations?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Fulton Oursler, editorial director of the Macfadden Publications, answered Doctor Straton through Movie Weekly, saying that the minister was dragging hell to the movies."

"Dragging hell to the movies! Ha! . . . That's a home run. It hits the lies between the eyes. I suppose that is what has happened to Hollywood. Hell has been dragged to the place because somebody wanted to make it look and sound like the home town of the devil and sin. I am mighty glad to be able to correct this erroneous impression," he declared.

And Movie Weekly is doubly glad to have the privilege of printing Mr. Burns' report!

Bebe Daniels—As Her Friends Know Her

(Continued from page 10)

That is characteristic of Bebe—to think of herself last, if at all.

Bebe came to the office to edit this issue of Movie Weekly, met two hundred of our girls and before she left had added that number to her seemingly inexhaustible list of friends.

We were talking to some movie stars about Bebe at a party recently. Tom Meighan said of her, "She is a fine girl and a clever actress."

Lila Lee added, "Bebe's adorable. Everyone loves her."

As for Betty Compson, just listen to what she said: "Bebe is the best little pal a girl could ever wish for."

While from Leatrice Joy, "I don't know *why* she's the most popular girl in Hollywood. She's Bebe Daniels—that's probably reason enough!"

So, fans, we have tried to give you some side lights on the Daniels character, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that Bebe is a regular girl with no affectations, and a clever actress possessing, in equal parts, personality and brains. For Bebe's mind does not run in grooves. One must be alert every minute to keep up with that active brain and keen wit.

Add to these endowments, charm, spirit, vivaciousness and just a touch of pathos, and you have Bebe Daniels, as her friends know her—and love her.

Life Story of a Movie Actress

(Continued from page 23)

houses, with dream hills looming up behind them, and the sky as blue as crystal and cloudless as a great bubble above all—I told him of my dreams to become a moving picture star and asked his advice as to how to go about it.

A rather queer expression flitted across his face. "We'll talk about that later, Rita. Right now I want you to enjoy the view and see where 'who's-who' lives.

And so we rode on and on, passing people I had read about and whose faces I was familiar with on the screen. Fred knew them all. Finally he slowed up by the shore and together we walked down to the water's edge. It was my first view of the Pacific.

Fred chose a quiet spot and we dropped down on the sand. I felt very happy, very young and filled with the joy of living. As a matter of fact, my conscience had gone to sleep and was peacefully dreaming. Fred was one of the few men I had talked to since Robert's death. We had moved so rapidly in our travels abroad that there had been no opportunity to meet strangers, nor had I seen anyone who inspired me to flirtation.

Up to that point our conversation had been sketchy because of his interruptions to point out some place of interest or some celebrity. Now we seriously tackled the subject of how I was to break into the game. Then right in the midst of this, Fred looked straight at me and said:

"I might as well put my cards on the table because that's my stuff and besides it's awkward to have a secret between us. I know all about Robert Allen."

"You—you know" I gasped. The blood rushed to my face and I felt the earth slipping from beneath me.

"Yes," he continued seriously. "You see I really liked you a lot even though I acted like an idiot that last night. And so when you vanished into space, I started out to look for you. I felt frightfully guilty driving you away from Mrs. Carey's. You were so young and unsophisticated. Of course it was easy to find out that you had left your position. That frightened me because I was afraid you had jumped into the river or done some other fool thing. And then, when I had all but given up hope, I saw you with him one day.

"You spied on me?" I cried indignantly.

"Hardly that," he drawled slowly. "But when a girl is down and out and suddenly has fine clothes and a rich escort—of course there's nothing to it."

"Why are you telling me this?" I wanted to know.

"We'll it's like this: I'm really not the marrying kind or I'd have asked you to marry me back in little old New York. I'm a soldier of fortune and I could never endure being tied down for life. But I'm crazy about you—always have been. You want to get into the movies and I can get you in right.

"I know all the big fellows and my plan is to get rid of Mrs. Benson, who is just an adorable old fool, and let me fix up a place for you. I'd treat you right and make you a big star.

(Continued next week)

Bebe Daniels' Analysis

(Continued from page 18)

person of this temperament life is not always happy or contented, but there is the compensation that every instant is full, crowded with feelings of pleasure or dislike, pivoting easily between joy and sadness.

When the issue is an emotional one, the face would seem to indicate that she is able to leave that superficial overlay with which we all conceal our inmost selves, and become a tempestuous, daring, and intensely interesting individual.

Except for this overlay of protective personality, I should deduce that she has developed very little. An instinctive temperament is almost always complete at an early age, and life does very little to change it.

Miss Daniels, it seems to me, would display her gifts best if given the part of a woman whose latent nature is suddenly aroused by circumstance; whose tendency towards gentleness and shyness, towards a propitiating spirit with regard to what other people do and think, is transmuted to the real woman beneath that surface character—a woman capable, perhaps, of jealous fury, of an ability to sweep aside everything for a desired end, and able to hurl herself into a situation with an abandon and a recklessness that has a primitive subtlety and a primitive force.

Her future rests, I predict, upon her vehicles. In conventional parts she will never be anything else except the usual popular and pretty actress. But if she is given the opportunity to reveal character—the stark character of woman aroused—there are no limits which she may not reach.

How I Decide What Is Improper in the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

presentation of wholesome attractions and I believe that producers and exhibitors recognize the fact.

"In assuming the full responsibilities of the duties of my office, my single effort will be to discharge those responsibilities in accordance with what I believe is to the best interests of the people of the State, without prejudice and with justice to the rights of all concerned."

"The censor could not see all of the pictures made even if he wished to. We have a corps of reviewers, chosen by civil service examination, whose duty it is to review and make the recommendations for cuts. Of course, whenever a reviewer finds much to eliminate, his recommendations are passed upon by the censors before the cuts are ordered. And even when a reviewer orders eliminations which are not immediately accepted by the producer, the producer has the right to appeal to the full board of censors for another review.

"We also have deputies whose business it is to find out whether producers and exhibitors are obeying the law not only with reference to eliminations, but also with reference to the appending of the license. A very few exhibitors and producers have occasionally tried to evade the law by taking a permit from one picture and putting it on another. The deputies visit theatres and check up on permits."

Mr. Levy admitted that he possessed no definite policy with reference to eliminations. He believes, however, that a picture can be judged by its aim and the manner in which it has been produced.

IF THIS is an indication of his policy, it is only fair to him to state that he has as nearly as possible a healthy appreciation of the responsibilities of his office, and that he will not slash pictures to pieces merely for the sake of exercising his authority, as many censors have done since the movies fell under the ban of the censorship law.

Girls Who Come to Me to Get in the Movies

Continued from page 8)

"We telephone her and she is sent to the studio for a test. It shows that she is fairly good, but that she needs a better make-up. Again we try her with a test, and this time she looks as Mexican as Pancho Villa's seventeenth wife. She's hired.

"So much for the bigger parts. Now, what chance, you will ask, has the unknown at an agency? As a matter of fact, her chance is very slight, unless, and this unless is a big word, unless she has the ability. You know the story of Eleanor Boardman, of how an agent sent her to Goldwyn, how she screened miserably, yet, because she had some latent talent she was given another trial and won out in the end.

"If you want to become a movie actress, take any sort of a job. Work in an office, if necessary, but in the meantime, put in an appearance at the regular Broadway agencies. Give them good pictures of yourself, and when the opportunity comes for a very small part, take it, and gain experience. There is no mystery about getting into the movies. If you have any ability at all, you will succeed."

I Never Knew Love Before

(Continued from page 11)

tagu Love—a wonderful cast; and I have to take care of the feminine honors all alone."

"Then this isn't a vampish role?" we deduced.

"No, thank heaven! If you only knew how tired I am of slinking around and rolling my eyes! It's the most wonderful treat in the world for me to get away from that."

And here were the rest of us—unschooled perhaps in the ways of men, and certainly not so versed in such matters as Barbara La Marr. Yet it was not until Miss La Marr's third husband that she learned what love meant—and the dismaying thought was this! Isn't it quite possible, that in learning just what love is, some of us, who only achieve one husband, NEVER really find out!

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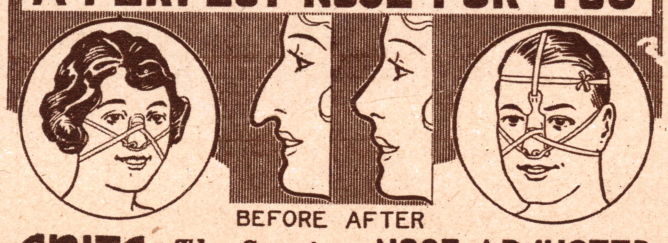

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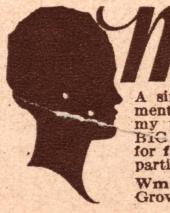

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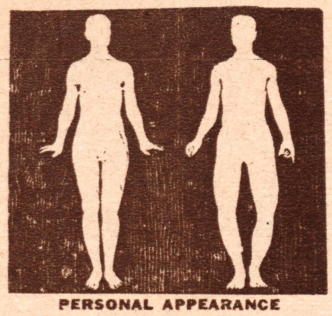

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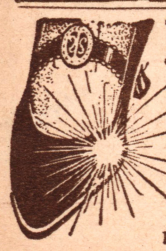

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Is There a One-Girl Man

(*Continued from page 7*)

regularly, he is not apt to be the great American lover, and some less shadowy Valentino will be found as a more dashing substitute."

"Mature love has a chance. It is more discriminating. It is less easily fooled. As we grow older we are less easily satisfied and when we do fall in love, we probably do so with head as well as heart.

"Personally, I never could understand falling in love with a merely pretty face. It is a form of vanity, should think. It flatters me to know that a woman worth while cares about me. That a thinking individual is in love with me . . .

"There are a great many different kinds of love. But speaking of the generally accepted form of it, I should say that no man loves one woman all of his life. It is brutal, but it is honest, and I believe that is the kind of an answer you wanted."

We sighed. Being a woman, we wouldn't go so far as to say that, but we will admit that that was the answer we dolefully *expected*.

Bebe Daniels First to Give Interview Over Radio

(*Continued from page 9*)

do you read Movie Weekly, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Read Movie Weekly? Well, I wouldn't say I didn't. Out in Hollywood we never know who's married to whom—until we've read Movie Weekly.

Mr. Balch: Fine! Splendid! I knew we were good, but I never suspected we were as good as all that. Er—you inquired about this interview?

Miss Daniels: Yes! Are you going to ask me some of those weird questions that appear in Movie Weekly like—"How I Lost My Personality—and Found It Again?" or "Can a Girl Use a Woolworth Perfume and Be Popular?"

Mr. Balch: Heaven forbid! I've already done it so often, that I fear I shall be driven to the necessity of asking you an original question.

Miss Daniels: An original question! Why that reminds me of my Original Question Contest that you ran in Movie Weekly. Do you remember the answer that won the prize?

Mr. Balch: Something about a flower, wasn't it, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Yes! It was—"What kind of a flower grows on an ice plant?"

Mr. Balch: Well, well! What kind of a flower grows on an ice plant? You didn't attempt to answer that one, did you?

Miss Daniels: No; I did what was much easier. I gave the prize instead—a fountain pen.

Mr. Balch: A *fountain pen!* To write more questions like that with? You wicked girl!

Miss Daniels: Stop scolding me and ask *me* a question. I'm waiting to be interviewed.

Mr. Balch: Does a prize go with it? I'd like an automobile, Miss Daniels.

Miss Daniels: The prize is the *air*. I'll give you that any old time.

Mr. Balch: I've got it already. Well, now, in regard to a question for this interview; tell me! How does it feel to be a famous screen star?

Miss Daniels: Well, I can't say that it feels any different than it does not to be—except . . . (She pauses).

Mr. Balch: Yes?

Miss Daniels: Except that people stare at you a lot more than they would if they hadn't seen you in pictures.

Mr. Balch: But I should think that sort of celebrity would be rather pleasant. I'd find it so.

Miss Daniels: Well, I don't. It's embarrassing sometimes. And it's a little too much like the life of a goldfish. The only time that people don't stare at you is after dark.

Mr. Balch: Is that true of New York, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Yes and no. There are certain parts of New York City and certain classes of people where you might mingle and never be recognized. It's not that those people haven't seen you on the screen; it's just that they are not prepared to see anyone from a land so far removed from their own lives as the land of the movies is.

Mr. Balch: Is that likewise true of Chicago?

Miss Daniels: Yes, of Chicago, and of all other cities—St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Boston.

Mr. Balch: And how about Los Angeles and Hollywood—Hollywood, the centre of sin?

Miss Daniels: Oh! Out there a screen star is taken for granted. The motion picture industry is just a part of Los Angeles.

Mr. Balch: Well, that's that! Er—Miss Daniels! If you will excuse me for a moment, I will say a word to the world about you that I can't say to your face. So if you don't mind turning away a moment . . . and putting your fingers in your ears . . . so . . . thanks! Ladies and gentlemen! Before asking Miss Daniels my next question in this interview, may I describe to you what she looks like standing here beside me tonight? Her hair is like a soft blue cloud of smoke and her mouth is like a ripe peach—even though she has just made a face at me! It is only by her voice that you can know her in this—the first interview by radio with a screen star; but the real music of her voice will, I hope, linger in your ears and charm you even as her joyous, girlish beauty has charmed you through your eyes upon the screen. And now, having said this, I shall resume the interview with Miss Daniels. Miss Daniels, you may remove your fingers from your ears!

Miss Daniels: What did you say about me?

Mr. Balch: I told the world that you were never going to marry.

Miss Daniels: Oh!—but that's not true!

Mr. Balch: Oh!—then you admit that you *will* marry?

Miss Daniels: Now you're not going to trick me into an admission by any such means as that. I'm single now and I shall remain single until . . .

Mr. Balch: Yes?

Miss Daniels: Until I marry.

Mr. Balch: My curiosity is a natural one. More people are interested in the number of a screen star's husbands than they are in anything else.

Miss Daniels: Well, I'll have to disappoint them then, for I am still an unclaimed treasure! Some day, though, as I said, I shall marry—and that will be when I decide no longer to remain single.

Mr. Balch: Thanks a lot. That helps immensely. Now, what would have made me worry would have been to hear you say that you were going to get the husbands and remain single.

Miss Daniels: It seems to me you have strange ideas, Mr. Balch. How do you get those ways?

Mr. Balch: Alas! I learned it from the movies, Miss Daniels, in the years B. C.

Miss Daniels: B. C.?

Mr. Balch: Before Censorship.

Miss Daniels: Oh! I'm not going to talk to you any more.

Mr. Balch: Then allow me, Miss Daniels, to give *you*—the last word.

Miss Daniels: *Good night!*

That's all, fans, and believe it or not, it was much harder than it looks.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 15*)

Breamer. Despite this handicap, Miss Breamer, being the heroine, knocks her around as if she were a feather. But Miss Theby is good in her role. She puts color into it and makes it at least alive. Russell Simpson makes a sheriff who looks like a sheriff, but Mr. Simpson is of the Bill Hart school of acting. He has one expression for all emotions, the gentle lifting of both eyebrows.

As we said in the beginning, the film was directed by Edwin Carewe.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"BURNING WORDS"
"Out Where Men Are Men"

"Burning Words" takes place out in the "vast silences which are the Canadian Northwest." The hero is a member of the R. C. M. P., sometimes known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The villain—hush!—is also a member of the redcoats.

Damon and Pythias have nothing on the two brothers in "Burning Words." One of them commits a murder and the other promptly attempts to save him by confessing to the crime. This sacrifice is done for the sake of dear old mother, although why mother should feel better with one son facing a firing squad rather than another is difficult to understand. The only possible reason is that without this scene there would have been no picture.

"Burning Words" opens in church and ends in church. In between a dance hall of the type that flourished in 1898 at the height of the Yukon gold rush wanders into the story. Apparently film producers know nothing about prohibition.

Roy Stewart is the hero. Roy is getting balder every year. A picture of Roy attempting to weep is well worth the price of admission. Harold Goodwin, as the weak brother, is by far the best of the cast. Mr. Goodwin is not a very attractive type, but he does know something about acting. Laura La Plante does an insipid heroine and Eve Sothern a frightfully over made-up vamp.

back cover missing

What I Found in Hollywood

By Wm. J. BURNS

BEBE DANIELS

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

BEBE DANIELS EDITED THIS ISSUE